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The Finishing Touch

By

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Verses by

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WHAT is a pretty girl made of,
Who keepeth a Springtime Tryst?
Of eyes with lashes that curl and tangle,
Of modish hats at a saucy angle,
Of gloves for her hand and wrist;
Of buttons and clips
And everything smart —
Of curving lips
And a beating heart;

Of sleeves where she wears the latter,
Of slippers and belts and such,
And something gay in a Spring bouquet
For that Finishing Touch.

WHAT is a courtship made of,
When April is at its heyday?
Of a boy and a girl and a lucky meeting,
Of telephone calls and a stammered greeting,

And a date that's arranged for payday;
Of talk that appears
To be largely laughter;
Of kisses and tears,
(But that comes after);
Of something sent from the florist's,
Which over her heart she's pinning—
That means so much as a Finishing Touch
And a Good Beginning.



It Is Suspected That Some Clever Craftsman Got The Exact Dimensions of the Famous Horse's Frame and Made a Dozen "Genuine" Skeletons for Schools and Museums.

12 Skeletons For Europe's Wonder Horse

EVERY Hungarian believes that "Kincsem" was so great a race horse that he was "Man-of-War," "Epitaph," "Zev," "Gallant Fox" and "Sea Breeze" rolled into one. This Hungarian stallion took part in 55 races, most of them classic affairs in his native land or other European countries, and always came in first. He won more than \$125,000 for his owner in a day when such sums were fantastic. All the wise betters put their money on "Kincsem" because he always came through.

Now, even in death, "Kincsem"—or in plain English, "My Treasure"—has set up another unique record. A dozen museums all over the world now claim to own his skeleton. Since "Kincsem" obviously had but one, the other eleven are fakes.

But just dismissing them as such hasn't settled the problem so easily. There is a great controversy going on right now between heads of museums in Europe and South America, each one of whom declares that his institution owns the genuine skeleton of the famous horse.

The whole controversy arose shortly before the present European War broke out and has been proceeding undiminished even though hostilities are waxing warmer on several other battle fronts.

When the celebrated stallion died after his spectacular career he was deeply mourned by his owner, Mr. Ernest Blaskovich, a nobleman, whose hobby was the fine racing stables he maintained at his country estate near Budapest.

He bequeathed the horse's bones to the Budapest Veterinary High School where they were mounted by a taxidermist who had carefully studied the animal during his lifetime. Then, with extreme care, the skeleton was placed in a glass case which was closely guarded.

"Thousands of persons studied the skeleton and the owner himself often took a melancholy pleasure in coming just to look at the perfectly shaped frame of his favorite horse. Dr. Agoston Zimmerman, well known professor at the veterinary school, used the skeleton to illustrate his lectures on the horse and often pointed out that the animal was probably the finest example of its breed.

Dr. Zimmerman was much surprised the other day when his professional routine was interrupted by a group of newspaper men. "How about it?" they demanded, and waved a clipping under his nose. The surprised doctor read it once. Then he read again.

It was a highly detailed account of the purchase of "Kincsem's" skeleton by the internationally known Veterinary Institute in Leipzig, Germany. The director of this institute was quoted as saying that "Kincsem" was so valuable, to have the skeleton bought with great secrecy and now, the announcement said, would be guarded day and night as better the shopkeeper of a great institution.

Dr. Zimmerman was somewhat taken aback by this information and hurried to look in the glass case just to make sure that the horse's skeleton was still the property of the Budapest veterinary school. And it was. He called the reporters to see for themselves that "Kincsem" was still there and they went away satisfied.

But they were back again in a few days. The wires were hot with another story about "Kincsem's" bones. This time the skeleton had just been acquired by a smaller European university with corresponding elation and learned statements by the director. But the price that was paid was considerably smaller than that given by the Leipzig institute. The newspaper men smiled a rare and were once more camping on Dr. Zimmerman's doorstep. Again he proved that the skeleton was still in the possession of Budapest and the newspaper went away. The good doctor was getting peeved. Enough was enough. He detected fakes of any kind and here were two already.

Of course Dr. Zimmerman had been liberally quoted in the Hungarian news stories that declared that "Kincsem's" remains had been sold, so when the news arrived by cable that three South American museums had simultaneously acquired the very bones that he could see were still in Budapest, he naturally felt the cutting. He didn't blame the reporters for camping in his office. That was their job, just as it was his to teach students "Kincsem's" fine points. But sometimes he felt that the cutting was a waste of time and was downright crooked in taking in trusting scientists.

Of course, every one who had been dipped attacked Dr. Zimmerman. He countered, calmly enough, by showing the deed of gift from Mr. Blaskovich, the original owner, bequeathing the skeleton to Dr. Zimmerman's school.

In the midst of all the hubbub, someone discovered that a skull mounted on the wall had been doing a thorough business "robbing" the skeleton of the famous racehorse. He had obtained the exact measurements of each bone. Taking the skeletons of ordinary horses, he dismantled them, built up each bone to the exact dimensions of "Kincsem," put them together and sold them to museums as the original "Kincsem."

But even though this scheme has been exposed, the battle still goes on. Dr. Zimmerman makes speeches at almost all the important scientific meetings pointing out that his colleagues were the victims of a fraud.

Smiling under these remarks, the colleagues swear that only their skeleton is genuine. Although this makes the Hungarian professor angry it also makes him laugh.

Told The Story Of His Murder 3 Years After His Death

ALL the villagers gathered in hushed groups the morning nineteen-year-old Giuseppe Veraldi's body was found lying on a stony bank under the high bridge that spans the Siano river near Calanzaro in northern Italy. Everyone felt sorry for the widow Veraldi whose likeable son had met such an untimely end.

Whether the young man died by suicide or accident was anybody's guess. Giuseppe's broken body was partly undressed and his clothes were scattered nearby. The coroner's jury went into the whole matter most thoroughly and finally gave a verdict that the death had been accidental.

The villagers showed their deep sympathy for the widowed mother by giving her son a great funeral. Then he was buried in the cemetery on the hill. Life went on as usual in the village and soon even the old mother began to forget her grief.

Three years later, Giuseppe Veraldi was just a name on a gravestone but overnight he came "back to life" in a remarkable manner.

Everyone was busy with his own affairs that afternoon. Especially Maria Talacova, a buxom peasant girl of seventeen, who had to cross the bridge on an errand that took her from Siano to Calanzaro. But Maria never got across that bridge. She stopped half way. The young woman never had known Giuseppe Veraldi or his mother. But when she reached the point above the spot where his body was found, she began to cry. Then she screamed and when passers-by rushed her side to ask what was the matter, she called loudly to stop her hysterics.

A crowd quickly gathered and donkey carts and pedestrians were being held up by the onlookers. Then Maria was hustled back to her home in Siano, fighting every step of the way. Inside her own house, the girl called loudly for her mother. When the frightened old lady approached, Maria angrily motioned her away.

"No, I want to see my real mother," she cried. "Mother Veraldi."

"Mother of God," cried the neighbors, "who would mother Veraldi be?" They helplessly wrung their hands. Then the crowd shouldered its way into Calanzaro, a few miles distant. The old lady was sent for in the hopes that her presence would put an end to the girl's wild lamentation so that everyone in the neighborhood could get some sleep.

The minute she entered the room, the girl quieted down. She sat up in bed. Her features were abruptly changed. She was speaking in a strange, deep tone. It was a man's voice and it was saying:

"Mother, mother. At last you have come. Don't you recognize me? I am your son Giuseppe when they found dead on the bridge."

A great "ah" arose from the neighbors. Half of the village was trying to get into the room. Heads nodded here and there. Yes, they recalled Giuseppe and his tragic death. One or two were heard to say wisely, "If I ever heard his voice, that's it. To the life." Their eyes bulged and the more superstitious crossed themselves. "Is Maria

possessed of the devil?" they asked each other.

As the voice went on, they gasped at what it said. "I did not jump from the bridge, mother. They killed me and then carried my body to the shore to make it look like an accident. They buried me all over to make it appear that I had fallen."

Mother Veraldi did not shrink or waver. The others hid their eyes and tried to push away from the girl on the bed but the room was packed and they had to listen as the old mother questioned Maria.

Col. turned the story from Maria's lips, still in Giuseppe's voice.

"We had been drinking a few bottles of wine at Giosio's in the Via Baracca, mother."

"That's right," a voice shouts. It is landlady Giosio who is in the room among the curious. He recalls having served Giuseppe that night with four other men. He starts to tell all about it but the ghostly voice drowns him out. "They must have doped me, mother, because I am usually peaceable, but when we started home, we quarrelled. They all turned on me and beat me. It was four against one."

The widow's chin quivers. Tears all her eyes. Everyone stares at her. Woman "Gib" hands her faces to their faces. "Who did it, Giuseppe?" she asked. Her voice trembled. "Toto beat me first. Then Abele tore the clothes from my body. He said it would look like an accident. Then Elio and Luigi Marcel dropped me on the shore."

There is a sudden tussle in one corner of the room. Toto, white and trembling, is dragged up to the bedside. He looks down at the floor, then tries to let his face steady.

The voice of Giuseppe cries, "Go away, Toto. You are guilty!" Every eye is fixed on Maria. She flushed and feverish face as the voice goes on. Nobody thinks to stop Toto as he hurries from the house. "Luigi Marcel has fled to Africa. Abele is dead. But Toto and Elio are still in this village. Find them, mother. Before they escape."

She began to sob. Her voice rose to a shriek and she collapsed into a death-like sleep. When she opened her eyes 20 hours later, the room was empty except for her own mind. The minutes were nothing when she was questioned. Mrs. Veraldi, who had waited for her to awaken, came into the room. Maria asked, "Who is this woman?" And when the door opened, she could not recall the story she related the day before.

All through the province ran the news of the "Miracle of Siano." The neighbors of Maria and the friends of Giuseppe now wanted to know what the miracles were going to do about it. Now the legal gentlemen are embarrassed. Such evidence would not stand up in court. It is but the ravings of an hysterical girl.

But the brothers Toto and Elio suddenly disappeared. Abele really had fled. The authorities found Marcel working in Abyssinia. Doctors examined Maria. She had been agitated and competent. Careful investigation bears out her story in every detail.

Now Luigi, Toto and Elio are wanted for Giuseppe's murder and it looks bad for them if they are caught.

Porpoises That Wear Corsets To Help Humanity

BY STUDYING what happens to a porpoise—which is a miniature whale, weighing about 500 pounds—when he dives into the ocean, several experts hope to find out how Nature supplies oxygen to the brain and the body.

One way to learn about oxygen and its relation to the human system is to study creatures that spend a lot of time under water. Dr. Laurence Irving, of Swarthmore College, found that seals can stay under water for two full hours because their hearts, during their long dives, slow down to one-sixth the normal rate and all circulation of blood and oxygen to the muscles is stopped and goes instead to the brain by way of the circulatory system.

In Norway, the University of Oslo, Dr. Pierre Scholander took electro-ographic readings of a sperm whale to find out about oxygen and the brain. This year Dr. Scholander met Dr. Irving at Swarthmore, where both professors are now teaching. They discussed their real and apocryphal whale experiments. They were overheard by a third professor of biology, Dr. R. K. Enders, who besides teaching biology at Swarthmore, is a research associate of the Academy of Natural Sciences, in Philadelphia.



The Corset Is Not Stylish, but It May Help Scientists Find Out How Oxygen Gets to the Human Brain.

Dr. Stuart Grinnell of Stanford University, California, and Dr. Woodrow Wilson, of Harvard University, also joined them.

These five men have agreed to continue their study with porpoises whose heart action reportedly changes during dives.

So a joint expedition has been organized by Swarthmore and the Academy of Natural Sciences. The scientists went to Cape Hatteras and acquired two porpoises, Romeo and Juliet.

The porpoises, transported in model seaweed, now live in the Swarthmore College pool. Then the most pressing and puzzling problem was how to get an electro-gram of the heart set onto the big fish under their fins to record their heart action under water. This was solved by catching them in a big net.

Now science is going to find out how long a porpoise can hold its breath, what happens to its heart and its respiratory system when it dives, and whether these fish sleep. All such questions bear directly on Nature's process of supplying oxygen to the brain and the tissues. All death, scientifically speaking, is only the result of lack of oxygen.



Because He Upset a Glass of Ice Water in His Hostess' Lap at a Dinner Party, the Embarrassed Art Student Begon to Redesign Many Familiar Articles That People Use.

Spilt a Glass Of Water-And Found A Career

BECAUSE he accidentally dumped a glass of cold water into his hostess' lap at a dinner party several years ago in Vienna, where he was a young art student, Angelo Biesenz, 30, now an industrial designer in New York City, started a one-man "anti-clumsy" crusade which may revolutionize the appearance of many familiar objects of every-day life.

Drinking glasses, spoons, screw drivers, door knobs, hammers, hair brushes, fountain pens, stoves, safety razors, even houses now are having their shapes changed by Mr. Biesenz to conform to his idea of what he calls "formagenic design," or better phrased for human use.

"That glass of water I spilt so clumsily on my hostess greatly embarrassed me," said Mr. Biesenz. "Later I noticed that one of the other guests was having difficulty with a desert spoon and the answer dawned on me."

"The shape of the spoon, water glass and many other objects we handle with our hands were not designed to fit our hands. We have to make our hands fit them. Take the door-knob on the bathroom door. Trying to turn it with a soapy hand is a feat worthy of a Houdini. Mr. Biesenz's answer was to design an elliptical, formagenic door-knob around which the entire hand fits readily. He also redesigned the drinking glass and spoon.

This glass had a non-slipable groove along its entire length so that even someone with "butter-fingers" could hold it. As for the spoon, when it is picked up, the twisted part of the handle slips over the fingers in a non-slip manner. This design even solves the etiquette problem since the correct way is the only way to hold it.

Mr. Biesenz's specially designed pen resembles a curved-over feather with a very thick stem. The stem has plenty of built in to it so that the fingers may grip it without strain. The "feather" part curls back over the knuckles so the pen is pushed with the whole hand. This not only does away with writer's cramp but makes a wrist motion necessary—something that teachers of penmanship advocate. Hence handwriting is improved.

The safety razor. Instead of having the conventional thin shaft, has one that is quite thick and is easily gripped by the fingers. "It gives a man plenty to hold on to," Mr. Biesenz explains. The shaft comes outward at the tip which becomes a large knob, resting firmly in the palm. This insures a grip and helps eliminate side slip, one of the major causes of nicks and cuts.

"In fact," Mr. Biesenz explains, "my idea of formagenic design is just the adaptation of utensils to the human body and its requirements. I could go right through a house with its appliances, its tools, its furniture, its utensils, its formagenic, making things that not only more comfortable and convenient for its occupants but preventing many accidents that now occur."

Every room in the house would have its contents redesigned along more useful lines if Mr. Biesenz had his way. Chairs, he believes, should have their backs moulded to the body for firm and comfortable support. Tables should be in the form of four-leafed clovers, which are more convenient for a person sitting up close.

A room would be entered through a formagenic doorway which, instead of being its present conventional shape, would, according to Mr. Biesenz, be a graceful and convenient aperture for the human body. The room itself would not have any corners at all since he considers them waste space. "Figuratively speaking," he says, "a room should be 'poured' around a person and be adaptable to him, not he to it."

There is also much waste space above a person's head and Mr. Biesenz would have the ceiling lower. People affected with claustrophobia, or the fear of being hemmed in by walls, would be at ease in the better-shaped room since the designer would give it the illusion of height. There would be plenty of light streaming through windows in the ceiling and the walls would be made of glass so that the room where wall and ceiling are merged into a graceful, formagenic curve.

Carpenters and other building such a house would use formagenic tools. Screwdrivers, chisels and hammers would have handles moulded to the hand to make it much easier to grip them, therefore, according to the formagenic theory, making the work to go faster with less occupational accidents. Since even a wrench would be made to fit the hand, the old joke about a left-handed monkey wrench would have no room as the handle would really be moulded one way for left-handed persons, and another for right-handed ones.

Right now Mr. Biesenz is proud of a new design for formagenic eyeglasses which have frames only on the bottom. The lenses conform to the contour of the face, particularly the line of the eyebrow, and may be slipped in and out of colored frames that match a woman's dress. Mr. Biesenz seems to be one of those unusual individuals who questions everything. He is not satisfied to accept any familiar gadget just because it has been around him before him considered that it could not be improved upon. He has a lively imagination that sees ways of making it better adapted to modern needs. Then he has the courage to perfect it and the confidence to rise above unthinking "pooh-poohs" who will probably agree that he is right after they have had time enough to figure out what he means by his formagenic designs.

The SPANKED BRIDE'S REVENGE or That \$32,000 Joke on Mama-in-Law

Attractive Mrs. Valerie Porter, the "Spanked Bride," Who Revenged the Hearty Thwacking Her Husband Gave Her by Suing His Parents for Enticement and Collecting \$32,000 From a Sympathetic Jury.

Harassed Mrs. Porter Married Mama's Pet to Save His Life, But His Pa and Ma Stole Him Back, and When She Rebelled Her Husband Took Her Over His Knees—Now the Sympathetic British Court Has Broken a Precedent to Soothe the Pain of Her Bruises

"Talking to Her Didn't Seem to Make any Difference," Bertie Porter, Valerie's Hubby, Told the Judge, "So I Did the Only Thing I Could. I Put Her Over My Knees and Spanked Her—Just to Teach Her a Lesson"—While Mama and Papa Porter Stood By, Gleelessly Watching.

And Here Valerie Was No Longer Suffering So Acutely When She Was Photographed Leaving the Court Where She Won Her Verdict.

LONDON. "I've often wanted to do this to you," cried pretty, young Mrs. Valerie Porter, as she ran around the living room table and, with all her strength, slapped her rich mother-in-law's face. Then she went to court and slapped her even harder with a \$32,000 verdict.

That is what it cost Mrs. A. Renfrew Porter for calling Bertie, her darling only son, away from his wife, back to Mama's apron strings. Bertie, who tried to be neutral in the pettiest war, has gotten away from it all by joining the army at the front.

Enticement is the British equivalent of the American alienation of affections and this is the first suit of the kind to be heard here, since the war started. According to the plaintiff's testimony, the love (at-first-sight) interest began at a boating party in 1934, where Albert G. V. Porter met Miss Valerie Came, at that time, aged 20.

Though Bertie was only 19, just starting to study medicine and without visible means of support except his wealthy parents, he insisted on setting a marriage date, with all the vehemence of an only child, demanding a new toy. Valerie says that she considered them too young to marry but promised to think about it.

She did not think fast enough to put this tempestuous lover who kept telephoning her day and night to make up her mind because he couldn't study, and she told the court, even threatened to turn on the gas.

The girl says she was scared but compromised by promising to set the happy day, as soon as it could be done with the approval of his parents. Valerie's mother, Mrs. Peggy Came, widow of a mining engineer, had warned her daughter that the mother of an only boy would probably think no girl good enough for him and that hostile parents-in-law who also held the purse-strings would doom most any marriage.

The parents of Albert, Mr. and Mrs. A. Renfrew Porter, were not available for the test, just then, having retired a castle in Germany, but before long they hurried home on the news that their boy was in the hospital from an automobile accident, in which his companion had been killed outright. The dotting father and mother arrived in a frame of mind to give their only son anything on earth that might help him recover and found him in a delirium, crying constantly for Valerie.

Perhaps that is why, instead of the expected disapproval of the match, when Mrs. Porter heard that the flaxen-haired girl doubted if they were old enough, she sided with Bertie, as she usually did when someone presumed to thwart his desires. Valerie



Mama-in-law Porter, Whom the Jury Said Enticed Her Son, Bertie, Away From His Wife.



The Papa-in-law, Mr. A. R. Porter, Who Will Have to Pay for It All.

was evidently the right medicine because the patient promptly improved so much that he could be transported to the castle and, of course his lovely tonic had to go too.

Valerie stood the test of living with her future parents-in-law at the castle, then at their apartment in ultra-fashionable Grosvenor Square, Mayfair, and their country estate, Avington Court, in Gloucestershire, but a couple of obstacles still loomed in the path of true love. Though Mrs. Porter was "just as sweet as she could be" and her husband agreed with everything she said, Valerie's own mother had warned about the problems of trying to get along with a husband who had been an only son.

One day, according to Valerie, the matter came up and Mrs. Porter assured her that it was possible to make a man do anything his wife wished and yet not know that he was being managed.

Another difficulty was Bertie's medical studies. The medical school took the cold view that he had better forget thoughts of

marriage and most everything else until he had learned enough to become an M.D. Bertie solved that by forgetting to study at all. When the patient Mr. Porter, Sr., learned that his son was definitely out of medicine his first question was: "What are you going to do?" His wife and his son were ready with the answer. Papa Porter was to give Bertie a job in his business.

So the love-birds were wed in February, 1937, with 400 important guests at a big luncheon at the Hotel Carlton, London.

It was then revealed to the bride that they were expected to dine every night at the Grosvenor Square apartment or at some restaurant with the older Porters and spend all their evenings with them. The first time she induced Bertie to take her for a week-end by themselves they received a good scolding for being AWOL. Gradually it dawned on Valerie that when the mother-in-law consented to the marriage, no maternal rights over Bertie were relinquished to the wife.

All went well as long as the bride obeyed orders, like a paid servant. The first hostilities came when she mentioned that two of the beds at Avington Court were so uncomfortable that they should be discarded, before the president of Mr. Porter's company made his expected visit. Valerie thought this criticism constructive, but her mother-in-law called it impudence and was furious.

About this time a smoldering revolt against the dictatorship began, not openly but by finding little indirect ways to avoid obeying some of the more distasteful orders. The older woman was not fooled and put on indirect pressure. The first sign showed in

Bertie who though still deeply in love, became unmanageable to his wife, because, as she believed, he was still being managed by remote control. However, he tried his best to remain neutral and keep the peace. Worst of all, the power of the purse was applied, with Bertie constantly embarrassed because he could not pay the household bills.

Still there were no open break of diplomatic relations between the women though it almost happened when Bertie went on a tour of the firm's Scandinavian branches. This would be delightful for Valerie because they would both be free from her mother-in-law's domination. The wife ordered a lot of new clothes and had her trunk all packed when the elder Mrs. Porter dropped the following bombshell: "Bertie will be much better alone. You are not going."

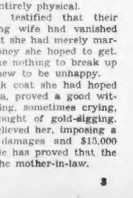
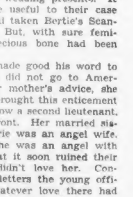
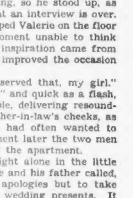
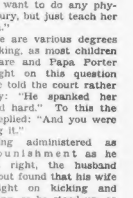
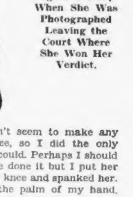
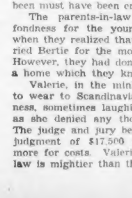
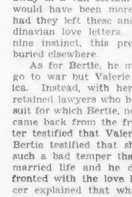
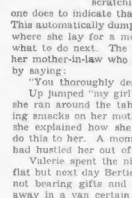
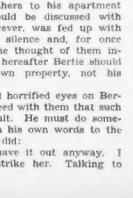
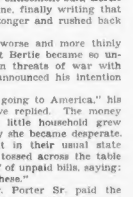
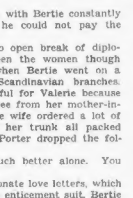
But from his passionate love letters, which were introduced in the enticement suit, Bertie did not feel better alone, finally writing that he could stand it no longer and rushed back to his wife's arms.

The trouble grew worse and more thinly veiled. It is said that Bertie became so uncomfortable that when threats of war with Germany loomed he announced his intention of joining at once.

"If you join I am going to America," his wife is alleged to have replied. The money pressure on Valerie's little household grew so severe that one day she became desperate. They were dining out in their usual state when the young wife tossed across the table to her husband a sheet of unpaid bills, saying: "Let's talk about these."

In icy silence Mr. Porter Sr. paid the check and led the others to his apartment where the matter could be discussed with dignity. Valerie, however, was fed up with her role of dignified silence and, for once told them all what she thought of them including damage that hereafter Bertie should be considered her own property, not his mother's.

The parents turned horrified eyes on Bertie, who evidently agreed with them that such disrespect was his fault. He must do something about it and, in his own words to the judge, this is what he did: "I was going to have it out anyway. I couldn't hit her or strike her. Talking to



her didn't seem to make any difference, so I did the only thing I could. Perhaps I should not have done it but I put her over my knees and spanked her. I used the palm of my hand. I didn't want to do any physical injury, but just teach her a lesson."

There are various degrees of spanking, as most children are aware and Papa Porter shed light on this question when he told the court rather gleefully: "He spanked her true and hard." To this the judge replied: "And you were enjoying it."

Having administered as much punishment as he thought right, the husband ceased but found that his wife kept right on kicking and scratching, so he stood up, as Valerie said: "And you were enjoying it."

one does to indicate that an interview is over. This automatically dumped Valerie on the floor where she lay for a moment unable to think what to do next. The inspiration came from her mother-in-law who improved the occasion by saying:

"You thoroughly deserved that, my girl." Up jumped "my girl" and quick as a flash, she ran around the table, delivering resounding slaps on her mother-in-law's cheeks, as she explained how she had often wanted to do this to her. A moment later the two men had hustled her out of the apartment.

Valerie spent the night alone in the little flat but next day Bertie and his father called, not bearing gifts and apologies but to take away in a van certain wedding presents. It would have been more useful to their case had they left these and taken Bertie's Scandinavian love letters. But, with sure feminine instinct, this precious book had been buried elsewhere.

As for Bertie, he made good his word to go to war but Valerie did not go to America. Instead, with her mother's advice, she retained lawyers who brought this enticement suit for which Bertie, now a second lieutenant, came back from the front. Her married sister testified that Valerie was an angel wife. Bertie testified that she was an angel with such a bad temper that it soon ruined their married life and he didn't love her. Confronted with the love letters the young officer explained that whatever love there had been must have been entirely physical.

The parents-in-law testified that their fondness for the young wife had vanished when they realized that she had merely married Bertie for the money she hoped to get. However, they had nothing to break up a home which they knew to be unhappy.

Valerie, in the milk coat she had hoped to wear to Scandinavia, proved a good witness, sometimes laughing, sometimes crying, as she denied any thought of gold-digging. The judge and jury believed her, imposing a judgment of \$17,000 damages and \$15,000 more for costs. Valerie has proved that the law is mightier than the mother-in-law.

Josephine, Mrs. Weil's little daughter, first saw Lady Bledsoe leaving the Court House with an actress. "Look, Mamma! She Cried. "Bussy!" Mrs. Weil

**Suave Mr. We
Men, Piled Up F
But When Pris
After 40 Years**

Josephine, Mrs. Well's Little Daughter, First Saw Lady Bledsoe Leaving the Court House with an Actress. "Look, Mama," She Cried. "Hussy!" Mrs. Well Shouted, and in a Few Seconds the Fur-Clad Brunette and Her Friend Were at the Bottom of a Heap with Mrs. Well and Little Josephine Tearing Their Clothes to Shreds.

By growing whiskers and trimming them according to newspaper pictures of the late Senator and tinting them the same shade of pink, he became an almost perfect double.

Senator Lewis was a fastidious dresser and the Yellow Kid was even more so, going in for yellow gloves and spats, of which some two dozen were among his wardrobe in the closet where the Postal Inspectors found him.

A black and white portrait of a man with a beard and glasses, wearing a dark suit and tie, holding a hat. The man is standing and facing the camera. The portrait is framed by a simple black border.

A Fake Page Which Fantastic Mr. Weil Made and Had Bound into a Famous Business Magazine with His Own Photo and "Success Story" That He Would Show to Prospective Victims, and Thus Win Their Confidence.

Flattered and impressed that this scientific and financial personage had looked him up, the doctor had only one lingering doubt in his mind. Was the stranger intending to sell him something? Well soon put his suspicion at rest on that point.

He was placing part of a billion dollar issue of a new Asiatic oil company which would yield fabulous profits but, of course, he was

A black and white portrait of a woman with short, dark, wavy hair, smiling. She is wearing a dark, high-collared garment. The portrait is oval-shaped and set against a light background.

"Couldn't there be some way by which he wouldn't hear of it?" the doctor's wife would plead, going to work on the supposed Englishman, with a pathetic story of how they needed to make a "killing."

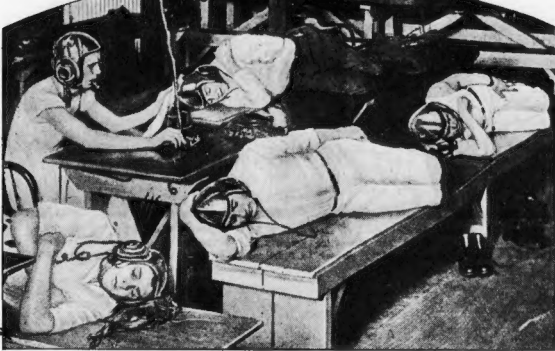
In the end Weil would weaken and parlay with his own "bonus stock" but they must not let anyone know.

"I really ought not to do this," he would

says the Kid, "I started to study I should always have been—an actor. Not getting interrupted all the time by my friends perfect little business deals. Of course I got my cut from the sale of a few of these dollars were spent

Asked if he learned his English pronunciation from the radio, Weil was shocked. "Good Lord, No!" he replied. "I never listened to radio announcers—many of them are positively illiterate. I learned from real high-class Britishers, sitting around in the best hotels. You don't have to buy them a drink or even know them to listen in on their conversation."

Never a Second's Sleep For Your Brain



United States Navy Students "Learning While They Sleep." Experiments Showed They Could Familiarize Themselves With Radio Code by Going to Bed and to Sleep Wearing Headsets. Code Sent Them All Through Their Sleeping Hours Made Their Waking Studies Easier Next Day.

By C. C. CLARK,
Associate Professor of General Science,
New York University.

A PERSON'S brain never rests from the time he is born until after he dies. This strange fact, disclosed by numerous recent instances of scientific research, was emphasized the other day by Dr. Ralph W. Gerard of the Physiology Department of the University of Chicago Medical School. Even in deep, dreamless sleep the brain has no respite.

A man goes to bed after a long, hard day's work. His muscles are weary. His mind seems fagged. He may lie perfectly still for a few minutes. Then, in a little while he is floating into the realm of Morpheus. Soon he is deep in slumber.

Yet, his mental machinery is not still. "Each cell in the brain has a continuous beat like a heart pulsation," according to Dr. Gerard, "and sends out a steady electric rhythm even in sleep. Additional evidence that the brain is in continuous action from birth until death have recently been discovered by other scientific investigators. Their discoveries have shown that there are tiny electric vibrations, popularly called brain waves, emanating from the brain, and that they do not cease while one is asleep."

There is no doubt that one part of the brain, or brain stem, has a life-long job which it cannot relinquish for a second. That part is the medulla oblongata, small in comparison with the rest of the brain, yet it holds a life-and-death job in the body. This little dynamo, located at the back of the head just above the spinal cord, controls breathing. If it stops work, no more of the oxygen so necessary to life is taken into the body. Then death is the inevitable result.

Other important functions of the medulla, which need to be carried on night and day, are regulation of the heart beat and control of the amount of blood that flows through the blood vessels. Breathing, heartbeat and the coursing of blood in veins and arteries are all slower in sleep than when a person is awake, yet these activities must go on. But what does the thinking part of the brain, that large part known as the cerebral cortex, do that it must be active even in the dead of night? Scientific laboratories in many parts of the country are investigating the electric brain rhythm of sleep, recording and analyzing its different patterns in an attempt to find out what these pulsations mean.

What, then, are brain waves? What are they saying regarding the continuous activity of the cortex? Will these mysterious electric pulses reveal in the future what is transpiring in the cortex while one slumbers? Does this master mind act as a monitor to control the operation of some other parts of the brain in sleep as well as in wakefulness?

The electric pulsations of the brain are not confined to the time a person is asleep. Science finds that the minute discharges of electric energy always are present in the living brain whether it be asleep or awake. And these same pulsations doubtless are present during that ten minutes when the brain still functions - even after death.

Investigators who wish to study brain waves do so by attaching two small metal plates, or electrodes, to the scalp of an individual by means of tape or glue. They may be fastened to almost any part of the scalp in this painless operation.

From the electrodes, wires lead to an electric amplifier and then to an electric recording pen which writes wave forms on a moving strip of paper. Such an instrument is known as an electro-encephalograph.

This instrument shows that when a person is awake, sitting still, not thinking of anything in particular and not seeing any of the details of whatever is before him - preferably sitting with his eyes closed - the electric pulsations of his brain occur at regular intervals. For many people this is about ten beats per second. These beats are not loud thumps that can be heard by human ears, nor are they muffled sounds like those of the beating heart.

They are soundless bits of electric energy.

In the normal person the fluctuation potentials of the brain amount to about one-fifty-millionth of a volt. If one were to attempt to light an ordinary fifty watt lamp with current from human brains the job would require, according to mathematical estimates, five times as many people as are alive today.

If the person whose mind is idling suddenly becomes puzzled by a question and thinks about it, or the subject of a scientific investigation is given a problem and tries to solve it, his brain waves take on a different form. No longer do they pulsate evenly at ten beats a second.

They either disappear, as shown by the electric pen, or their form becomes jagged and irregular. This continues until the problem is solved or the would-be solver gives up and goes back to letting his brain idle again.

Then the even ten beat a second rhythm comes back. This is known as the alpha rhythm.

Some people have a faster idling rate of brain wave, reaching as high as 25 to 35 complete waves a second. These are called beta waves. They usually occur in people who have a tendency to be nervous or excitable, or who are working or living under conditions of considerable mental tension.

When a person goes to sleep the brain waves change; however, not in the same way as when he struggles with a knotty problem. The regular rhythms, whether they be the alpha or beta type, disappear and in their place occurs a variety of other pulsations which are characteristic of sleep.

It is these changes during sleep which one day may permit man to learn exactly what is transpiring in his tireless brain while he refigures himself in slumber.

Investigations of brain-wave changes during sleep, conducted by Dr. R. K. Harvey of Princeton University and Dr. Alfred L. Loomis of the Loomis Laboratories showed that there are several stages of going to sleep. Also, these changes indicate that there are different degrees of sleep, and that cortical activity just below the level of consciousness is going on while one slumbers.

These investigators have taken continuous brain waves of a number of people throughout an entire night of about eight hours' sleep. All subjects react in somewhat the same way. At first, when the individual is resting quietly the alpha waves of the wide-awake, idling mind go on.

As the sleeper gets drowsier the alpha waves decrease in strength and become mixed with much slower but stronger waves. This usually lasts for about thirty minutes during which time the person is in light sleep. These pulsations then give way to large random waves of one or two beats per second. But a faster rhythm of 13 or 14 waves per second, known as "spindles" and lasting for a second or two, occurs at regular intervals.

This condition lasts from two to four

hours. It is the time of deepest sleep. The remainder of the night is marked by weak, irregular waves with occasional bursts of the spindles. This is a period of light sleep. On awakening, the normal waves of the idling brain again return.

The changing brain waves during sleep indicate that some part of the brain is always on the alert, and like an ever-watchful sentinel is standing guard over the sleeper.

For certainly it picks up unusual noises and warns its owner of them. A city-dweller may sleep through the roar of traffic, but awaken at the slightest sound of a rustling paper in the room. The rustling paper is a strange signal. It may mean a burglar, or some unusual situation which needs attention. The traffic noise is at most just an annoyance, which eventually becomes commonplace to the normal mind, and thereby of no significance.

Professor Clark Describes Science's Attempts to Solve the Mystery of That Tireless Sentinel of Your Mind Which Stays Awake From the Day You're Born Until After You're Dead, Sending Out Perpetual Waves and Causing Peculiar Mental Activities During Sleep.



What Was Detective Ledi's Sentinel Doing When He Killed a Man While Sleep-Walking? When Called to Solve the Murder, Ledi Found Clues That Caused Him to Arrest Himself as the Killer.

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Similarly, a mother will be roused by the cry of her child, but will sleep peacefully through much louder but less meaningful noises.

Doctors Harvey and Loomis have reported the appearance in sleeping subjects of a peculiar type of wave of large amplitude, or strength, which lasted from two to four minutes during deep sleep. There was no visible movement of the body, nor change in

breath or breathing. The room was quiet. It is reasoned by some investigators that such waves may be associated with dreams, but as yet it has been impossible to prove that dreams were occurring at the exact time of the unusual wave patterns. What is the exact cause of these tiny electric pulsations which continually surge through the brain, and what do they mean regarding the action of the brain? At present it is impossible to formulate any detailed answers to these questions.

It has been reasoned by Dr. Gerard that each one of the billions of nerve cells making up the nervous system generates an electric impulse when stimulated. That is, it might be compared to a small electric battery. The nerve cell in an active body which is always pulsating in some manner. Likewise, says Dr. Gerard, the nervous system as a whole must be looked upon as composed of these active units which are continually at play.

Furthermore, he believes that the individual pulsations of all the nerve cells in the brain reinforce and cancel out each other in such manner as to form the slow frequency rhythms of the brain waves. This interplay of the many nerve impulses makes the brain a single unit which dominates all other parts of the body electrically, and acts as the great coordinator. The waves show that the brain is in continuous action, that it is a dynamic organ.

As he rather poetically says, "The myriad of nerve cells of the brain, as they beat their single rhythms and form and reform their groups and hierarchies, play that greatest harmony of all nature—the totality of animal behavior."

This type of interpretation of the operation of the brain might offer an understanding of some of its remarkable and well known actions during sleep. The changes in brain waves emitted by the brain as one sleeps doubtless are manifestations of an active organ that may be remembering, planning or even creating.

It is said that Victor Herbert composed



The Chart Above the Photograph Shows an Electric Brain Wave Rhythm Which Prevails When the Mind Is Relaxed.



The Rhythm Changes When You Concentrate on a Problem or a Situation and the Chart Shows a Changed Wave-Form.



When Concentration Ceases, the Frequency of the Wave Becomes More Regular Again, Gradually Resuming the Original Rhythm.

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(Continued on Page 15)

CHANCE for a Happy Marriage



Beginning of Bliss or Unhappiness?

A Couple Is Equipped for Happiness if Their Childhood Was Happy, Scientific Surveys Indicate, But Bewaring Experts Say Brides and Bridesmaids Must Form a "Happily Habit," Resort to Spirituality, or Survive a Dangerous Adventure.

TO be happily married is one of the most important things in the world for people living in a democracy such as the United States. In Soviet Russia it makes no difference whether husbands and wives are happy or not, since matrimony there is regarded as useless and out of date, nor in Fascist countries does it make much difference because the whole aim of such governments is to use marriage for procreation and thus supply more soldiers.

But it can be accepted that in our country the question of how to make and keep marriage happy stands at the very top of our list of sociological problems. Recently Dr. Paul Popenoe, General Director of the Institute of Family Relations, Los Angeles, made the surprising announcement that long and careful surveys had convinced him that married bliss ran in families—that is, members of happy families were likely to inherit qualities that suited them for happy marriages.

Dr. Popenoe has consented to amplify this announcement on these pages today, and here, too, Dr. Matthew Chappell, of the Psychological Service Center, New York, takes issue with Dr. Popenoe and advances the argument that marital happiness is a matter of habit. Contributing to the symposium, the Rev. Norman Vincent Peale, D.D., minister of Marble Collegiate Church, New York, takes issue with both of them, and Elsie Robinson, noted commentator on problems of American youth, has an entirely different idea from all three.

Yet careful reading will show that the four are essentially not so much in disharmony.

It seems that what people call falling in love, that is, marrying for romantic love hasn't much to do with ultimate happiness in marriage—and may have a lot to do with making a marriage unhappy.

"HAPPY MARRIAGES RUN IN THE FAMILY"

By PAUL POPENOE, Sc.D.,
General Director, the Institute
of Family Relations, Los Angeles.

IF YOU want your children to marry happily in the future, you must make your own marriage happy.

Happy homes produce happy homes. Like romance, as represented in a lately popular song—happiness "runs in the family."

Happy homes are much commoner than is sometimes supposed. One reads so much about the high divorce rate, one sees too many family tragedies, one hears so often of separations, that it is hard to remember how many of America's families are thoroughly normal families. Study of thousands of them, in every part of the United States, by the Institute of Family Relations, shows that from two-thirds to three-fourths of all marriages are happy, as judged by their close friends and relatives.

I don't believe our close friends and relatives are often fooled on this point! We may think we are covering up our bickering and nagging successfully by "putting up a good front" when we have visitors. We are then ostentatiously polite to each other. It is only after the front door is closed and our visitors are going down the front steps that we reach for the hatchets and start after each other again.

We ought to hear what the visitors are saying after the front door is closed and they are going down the steps!

But suppose we don't depend on our relatives to tell the story; suppose we speak for ourselves. How many of us think our marriages are happy—definitely, decidedly happy, with no qualifications?

Let your friends answer such a question under conditions of strict secrecy. They can speak their minds freely; the votes will be counted but no one will ever know who cast them.

Under such conditions of strict secrecy, when every circumstance encourages people to tell what they think is the truth, they will list themselves as happier than their friends and relatives would. Hundreds of married couples in California were thus questioned by the Institute of Family Relations. Nearly 85 per cent of those rated their happiness as being "above the average," in their opinion.

So most married people are happily married, whether you take their word for it, or that of their employees and bridge partners, their college chums and mothers-in-law.

They come from happy homes in their own childhood. A study which the Institute of Family Relations completed lately, of young married people who came from 2,655 young people, showed that 67 per cent of these young people were happy in their own marriages, as judged by close friends and relatives.

The Institute also collected data on hundreds of other couples who were asked to rate their own happiness. We turned this material over to Professor Lewis M. Terman of Stanford University for analysis.

"It is a favorable omen for the success of a marriage if husband and wife had a happy childhood," he reported. "According to our data, no other item of information relating to background is more significant."

Every other test confirms our findings. Happily married people are those brought up by happily married parents, in a preponderance of cases.

One who has studied modern marriage with open mind would expect nothing else. The happily married people of America are its best stock, its superior citizens. Not only do they have more children than the unhappily married, not only do they bring up their chil-

dren more successfully, but they are more successful people in every relation of life.

Whenever you find a man who is mentally alert, emotionally stable, socially minded; a man with good habits and sound judgment, doing a good piece of work in the world, you are likely to find a man at whose side stands a successful wife; a couple who have successfully established a family.

They are successful people, their children are successful people, and the children go ahead and make a success of marriage without any help, because they have been brought up that way.

Turn now to the unhappy home. How do their children behave?

The immediate reply would be that most

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A Victorian Print Picturing a Family Quarrel Such as Influences a Child and Affects Its Future Marital Happiness.



"The Happy Father," by the Artist Fairbank, Who Pictured in 1842 a Family Background from Which Come Happy Marriages, Says Dr. Popenoe.

"Happiness in Marriage Is a Habit"

By MATTHEW N. CHAPPELL, Ph.D.,
Psychological Service Center,
N. Y. City. Author of "In
the Name of Common Sense"
and "Back to Self-Reliance."

IT WAS the custom of psychiatrists, psychoanalysts and even some psychologists, until recently, to regard marital unhappiness and divorce as the result of an Oedipus complex or of the suppression of shameful desires in a person's hypothetical, sevelike, unconscious mind. But that was before Professor Terman of Stanford University and his group published the results of their researches on factors found to be important in marital success and failure.

These results demonstrated effectively that Oedipus complexes, suppression of illicit or shameful desires and similar psychoanalytical fantasies alleged to be important "causes" do not amount to much as determiners of marital happiness. Terman and his group pulled the problem of marital success and failure out of the dark recesses of the unconscious into the light of day where it may be studied.

Dr. Popenoe played an important part in these studies. For that he is to be commended highly.

But when, as in the article appearing on this page, Dr. Popenoe contends that marital unhappiness or divorce is the result of biological inferiority, he is taking a stand that

is open to serious questions. There is yet no reliable evidence that divorce is the result of biological inferiority. Indeed, marital success or failure, in the vast majority of cases, is demonstrably a matter of habit formation and, like all other habits, is to be understood in terms of the laws of learning and forgetting.

It depends upon the extent to which the individual either maintains in himself the pleasant emotions present when he is married or the extent to which he develops in himself unpleasant attitudes associated with his marital partner.

Everyone knows enough about these laws of learning and forgetting to insure marital success. Unfortunately, however, few people have enough insight into the human mind or enough common sense to apply them to the problem.

Love is an emotional attitude. No one is born in love with his wife or his sweetheart. It is something that must be acquired; and the only way we can acquire any emotional attitude is through the process of learning.

It must be practiced. Such a statement will sound strange to those who think of practices in terms of the small miseries they experienced in the school room or seated at a piano—those exercises they went through because a stern parent or teacher demanded it. But practice is far more than that. Everything we do is practice. Do-



Keyed Up Love and Romance, Such as Personified by "Romeo and Juliet," and Described by Dr. Chappell in His Brilliant Article.

ing is practice. When one plays croquet, darts a sock, or plows a field, he is practicing croquet, darning or plowing.

And when he makes love, he practices loving.

We all know these things. And we all know that when we stop practicing a habit, emotional or otherwise, we begin to lose it automatically and relentlessly through the process of forgetting. This holds for love, of course, which is one of the emotional habits. There is no mystery about it. That is the way the mind works.

We learn by practice or use and we forget through lack of practice or disuse. Consider how these elementary mental laws apply to marital happiness.

Excessive and almost continuous practice is required to develop any emotion to the fever pitch attained by lovers just prior to marriage. The lover practices his emotion by thought, word and act. He fancies and carries. He bears gifts. He commends the lady's dress, her voice, her eyebrows, her intellect, and everything that is hers. He praises. He compliments. He flatters. He flirts. He wooes. He adores. He declares his devotion tirelessly in well worn words. With everything he does, he practices love. Under no other circumstances could he develop within himself such strength of emotion.

It is customary for the lovers to be married at the peak of their blissful anguish. The desirability of a custom permitting such an im-

(Continued on Page 14)



A Remarkable Four-Sided Discussion of Just What It Is That Makes Marriage Successful and of Some of the Causes That Drive It Off the Tracks into the Divorce Courts or Worse

- 1—Does Marital Bliss Run in the Family?
- 2—Can It Be Maintained Only by Making It a Habit?
- 3—Is It Dependent Upon Heaven's Help?
- 4—Is It a Dangerous Trap or the Noblest Adventure?

With Which Theory Do YOU Agree?



According to the Family Relations Surveys, Children From Large, Happy Families, Such as That of Mr. and Mrs. C. J. Klossman, of California, Have the Best Chances of Success in Their Own Marriages.



Love-making, for which these couples are being coached at a Summer Theatre School, has to be made into a habit after marriage to insure happiness.

HANDED LIFE-DISK PHOTO

"Any Marriage CAN Be Happy"

By NORMAN VINCENT PEALE, D.D., Minister Marble Collegiate Church, N. Y. City, Author of "The Art of Living" and "You Can Win."

IN eight years time, as pastor of a Fifth Avenue church, New York, it has been my privilege to marry nearly fifteen hundred couples. In this period I have been consulted, in my capacity as a pastor, by scores of couples regarding problems of their marital life. Perhaps it is only pardonable pride to say that, with a few exceptions, those in difficulty were not my marriages.

Undoubtedly there are some ministerial colleagues ready to rise up and retort that they had to deal with mine. At any rate, having had a hand in so many matrimonial matters one acquires some experience and a

few ideas on the question of happiness in marriage.

The chief conviction thus formed is that any marriage can be a happy one. The secret of success in marriage is not in abstruse and involved research and scientific experimentation. There may be some worth while books on marriage by so-called "experts," but I have never seen one that is a "must" volume. The theoretical material is known to every mature person and the physiological helps can best be obtained from the family doctor who is usually a wise and sensible guide.

There has been a tendency of late years for some ministers to "advise" young couples even regarding the physical aspects of marriage. They have done this with good intent in an effort to spiritualize marriage in all its relationships.

The fact is, however, that few ministers



"If You Can't Take It," Elsie Robinson Advises, "Don't Monkey With Marriage. It's Not a Game of Candy Hearts!" As Pictured in John Collier's Famous Painting, This Couple Has Come to the End of Their Dangerous Adventure—Because They Couldn't Take It.

have sufficient knowledge of physiology to deal in a field that properly belongs to the physician. Personally my experience has brought me to the position that, where advice is needed relating to the physical factor in marriage, it is my habit to send them to a physician.

And you may be sure I mean a Christian physician and assuredly not one of those morally blinded doctors who have the effrontery and bad science to advise extra marital experience. I have, in common with many ministers, spent much time trying to eliminate the creep of obsessions and emotional disturbances created by this malpractice. They may assume they heal but as a matter of fact they infect.

My experience has taught me that every marriage can be a happy and successful one. If there is real, honorable, spiritual love and a sincere desire to make a marriage succeed it can be done. It cannot be overemphasized that the important factor in happy marriage is the determination to make it work.

This means that both parties are psychologically inclined toward a positive attitude regarding their marriage. The cast of their minds, the entire drift of their personalities is toward success, not failure. They are thinking in terms of success and we know if the mind pictures success long enough it tends

(Continued on Page 14)

"Life's Toughest But Noblest Bear Trap"

By ELSIE ROBINSON, Fearless Commentator on Problems of American Youth, Famous Journalist, Author of "I Wanted Out" and Creator of "Ladies World."

My regards to the boys on this page, but I don't believe a word of it.

I concede they're good. Top psychologists. But I've read a book too. And having read it I've watched it working out in mining camps and redoubts . . . and newspaper offices. As well as 130,000,000 homes. So maybe my answers on happy marriage may not listen so classical—but you can take it from me, world, they add up in rolling pins and tantrums, sweat and tears. . . and maybe a smile now and then. But God's eternal blessing at the end if you have what it takes to see it through.

Marital happiness

inherited?

A habit?

Or an emotional

formula?

It sure sounds simple. But it's my personal opinion that it's soft and pretty talk like that which really fills the divorce courts. Little boys and girls read it and think they're going to do it with candy hearts.

DON'T KID YOURSELF! OR LET YOURSELF BE KIDDED! MARRIAGE IS THE MOST DANGEROUS ADVENTURE—THE MOST STUNNING CHALLENGE AND THE NOBLEST GESTURE MEN AND WOMEN CAN EVER KNOW. BUT YOU'VE GOT TO BE FIVE SOLDIERS AND SIX STEVEDORES TO STICK AT IT AND TAKE THE BEATING—TO MAKE A SUCCESS OF THE JOB.

There is probably no institution on earth about which more sacrilegious trips are written. This notion that matrimony consists of legalized romance is the silliest and most dangerous fallacy ever foisted on the human race.

IF MARRIAGE IS ROMANCE, THEN THE ELECTRIC CHAIR IS A HOT WATER BOTTLE.

Now get me straight. I'm not talking about these convenient little affairs where a couple chatter a few words before the justice of the peace and set up together in a light housekeeping apartment. Then spend their lives running around to night spots and give for a divorce if the going gets tough.

I'm talking about the real human beings

who have the courage and audacity to live marriage as it is and was meant to be. The people who dare to be partners with life. Who dare to put aside their petty personal pattern . . . their posies and peevish and quaking fears . . . and, kneeling, take the greatest communion that God ever offered his children.

FOR MARRIAGE IS A COMMUNION—EVEN IF MOST OF US DON'T REALIZE IT. I'VE THOUGHT COMMENTATORS' IS PURELY A RELIGIOUS TERM. IT ISN'T. IT'S AS MUCH A PART OF THE NATURAL DESIGN OF LIVING . . . AND AS MUCH IN EARNEST . . . AS FAITHFULNESS AND FLOODS. AND IT BEARS THE SAME COPYRIGHT—GOD. IF YOU REALLY KNOW WHAT MARRIAGE MEANS, YOU WALK WITH YOUR HAND IN HIS . . . AND YOU SHARE HIS VISION . . . AND BEAR HIS AGONY . . . AND SERVE HIS AWAIT. BUT GLORIOUS PURPOSE.

WHAT ARE YOUR CHANCES OF A HAPPY MARRIAGE? PRACTICALLY NIL.

Unless you're willing to work at it as the greatest job of your life.

The Creator, as far as I've been able to dope out His purposes, cares very little about human gloom. He wants growth. He wants development. He has no earth to people and a plan to perfect. You don't buy happiness for yourself while you're working toward ends like that. You buy trouble and rebellion growing pains and a whole lot of bearing. We think it's frightfully important that we should feel safe and happy in our unions . . . and never be frightened or troubled or bored to tears. But why should the Creator care about our comfort as long as He gets results? The answer is, He doesn't. And shouldn't.

Don't you think He gets bored, too? But you never saw Him soldier on the job because of troubles. You never saw Him forgetting to put on the Spring show or the glory of the Summer or the terror of Winter just because He was in a fit of pouts.

Yet, we little humans flounce in and out of our jobs, especially that one of being married, whenever we get our hair ruffled.

Yes, I have seen what are called happy marriages. But my learned brothers to the contrary, I never saw one that amounted to much. Safety and pleasure are pretty words. But they are the most poisonous things any human being can experience as a steady diet. They'll make bums out of the bravest and finest people either in or out of marriage. Permanently happy people do not grow. Do not think. Do not run risks. Or go on adventures or crusades. They just sit still and en-

(Continued on Page 14)

What a break! What a break!

JUST WHEN MENUS NEED 'EM MOST

DEL MONTE FAVORITES SPRING SHOW

Look for them all AT GROCERS' NOW!

Dozens of them! Your favorites! Everybody's favorites! A whole array of orchard-ripened fruits, early garden vegetables, sunny juices! Ready to put spring freshness into cold-weather meals—just waiting to help you tempt finicky appetites, bored with too much heavy eating!

And they're all featured by grocers—the country over—this month! It's Del Monte's mammoth spring event—to let you fill all those nooks and crannies winter has made in your cupboard!

This week, look for the Del Monte "Spring Favorites Show" banners at your grocer's. Note the glorious variety—the reasonable prices. Then take home a family-sized supply!

What if it is months till summer? Your meals will sparkle every day—and every way—with this grand assortment to choose from.

Featuring
rich and
hearty
flavor
**DEL MONTE
COFFEE**

Presenting
**RAISINS &
DRIED FRUITS**
"for the
last word in
thrifty
goodness"

Headlining
those sparkling
**DEL MONTE
JUICES**
"A snappy
breakfast in
every glass"

RIGHT THIS
WAY FOLKS—
SEE THE WHOLE
GORGEOUS
SHOW!

Starring the
complete cast of
**DEL MONTE
FRUITS**
in
"HOW TO WIN
A HUSBAND'S
HEART"

Spotlighting
those
ever-popular
**DEL MONTE
VEGETABLES**
"a dinner's
best friend"

YES, SIRREE!
YOU'LL LIKE ANY
**DEL MONTE
PRODUCT**

WOTTA DAY!
WOTTA DAY!

3 DOZEN CANS ARE
NONE TOO MANY,
MRS. JONES

GET A MOVE ON
BOYS—OR WE'LL BE
HERE ALL NIGHT

ORDER DEPT.

ORDER DEPT.

ORDERS

ORDERS

Those 5,000 Street-Tramps Again!

In a recent issue of *The American Weekly*, Mr. Jeff Davis, "King" of the International Hoboes' Organization, divided women wanderers into three classes: honest "hoboettes," who believe the world owes them an opportunity and go forth to meet it; "trampettes," who have no decency, think the world owes them a living and collect it; and "bumettes," who are trampettes brought to the end of their mistaken plan of life by dishonesty and vice. Five thousand of these trampettes and bumettes, he said, are menacing the road for 40,000 hoboettes. But Miss Virginia M. Murray, General Director of the Travelers Aid Society, questions his classification and statistics, and today discusses the grave and increasing problem of women who have taken to the road.

By VIRGINIA M. MURRAY,
General Director of the Travelers
Aid Society.

THERE are a great many girls roaming the country, many more than ten years ago. I do not wish to dispute the number of these girls which Jeff Davis, "the Hobo King," placed at 40,000 in his article in *The American Weekly* of February 28. There are no statistics available to prove their number.

But I object to calling these wandering girls "hoboettes," "trampettes" or "bumettes" as Jeff Davis does. No decent girl away from home in search of honest work would like to be called any of these names. The glorification of the "hoboette" as distinguishable from the other two classifications makes me shudder. Any girl proud to be called a "hoboette" is just as bad as her sisters placed in the "lower" classes by the Hobo King.

Since when is there class distinction among the girls whose restless or unstable mentality prevents them from holding a steady job? Mind you, I don't wish to imply that all the girls on the road are bad. Nor are the so-called bad ones really incorrigible, if properly treated.

The numerous facilities for getting away from even isolated places is a large factor in a girl's decision to "get away from it all." Fifteen years ago it wasn't so easy to leave remote communities, therefore the methods employed by girls in getting away were different. There were fewer automobiles, and the habit of hitch-hiking was less fixed than it is now. Nor was the habit of picking up people along the road so general.

Many of the girls the Travelers Aid has had under care have told us how easy it was to get from one end of the country to the other just by picking up rides. This is true in States, too, that have laws making it a misdemeanor to take strangers into a car or truck on the road.

Behind the enactment of these State laws were the sad experience of both the motorist and the hitch-hiker. Many motorists have suffered at the hands of girls who have attempted to blackmail them, or have held them up with a gun, or have picked their pockets or taken their money by means of sob stories.

On the other hand, motorists or truck drivers—and in some cases bus drivers—have carried girls thousands of miles away from home upon plausible stories told them by the girls.

It is very easy for motorists to feel sorry for a girl or several girls trailing along the road. Sometimes truck drivers really feel sorry for such girls, but sometimes they have other motives in their minds when they pick them up.

There is much conclusive proof that the mobility of people is on the increase. Seasonal employment, insecurity of employment, or complete lack of it, often necessitate the moving about of families as well as boys and girls. It is really not only the trend of the times and transportation facilities, but unstable economic conditions of our times which are great contributing causes to the migratory situation in this country.

Relief programs are so inadequate and em-



Hobo Women Bathing Along the Banks of a Little Stream and Washing Clothes Preparatory to Resuming Their Tramp. Walter Hale Photo.

Brothers and Sisters Often Take the Road. This Walter Hale Photo Shows a Brother and Sister Breaking into a Car Headed for Miami (Below) When the Photographer and the Police Caught Them.



Hobo Women Chased Off a Freight Train by Brakemen. Walter Hale Photo.

on the stage, for which they are not adapted. To a certain extent Hollywood draws many girls of this kind for the same reason.

Gertrude, for instance, who was 19, had hitch-hiked to New York from the Far West. She wanted a musical career, although she had no training nor capacity in this line. After two weeks of struggle she found that the only thing she could handle was a menial job. However, she did not have enough interest to keep such a job. Two months later she was involved in an escapade which resulted in her arrest and sentence on probation.

Then, according to Dr. Lowrey, there are girls who try to escape the reality of their home environment, usually unpleasant to them. The unpleasantness may be caused by poverty, foster parents, or any number of conditions which make life appear unbearable to a young girl.

We have many cases of this sort. Mary, for example, was the 17-year-old daughter of immigrant parents who lived in a two-room shack with several other children near Scranton, Pa. The father was a coal miner who had been out of work for several years. Mary was unhappy at home. Because of dire poverty she could not have the things any normal girl desired. Her one fundamental ambition was to be self-supporting. Finally, by faking her

age, she obtained a job as a domestic in New York through an agency in Scranton.

Unfortunately, Mary was physically weak and could not do very hard work. Although she repeated over and over that she was tired of living on cabbage and tomatoes, she was persuaded to return home. When I visited her home sometime later I was shocked by the condition of the hotel to which we had sent her back. I was wondering whether it had been a wise move on our part.

Other girls, says Dr. Lowrey, are driven to the road by some form of a mental disorder. These mentally defective want to escape imaginary persecutions, or wish to reform the world, or peddle some fantastic inventions, or they are followed by some other ideas of their distorted imaginations.

Vera, a girl of 23, belonged to this category. Vera had been hitch-hiking for many months since she had left home in the West. One day she rang the Travelers Aid Society's bell loudly and repeatedly.

"I have come to this city to make my home," she said. "I need lodging for one night. I am a post-talent-genius. I am also a marvelous singer and dancer. I am super intelligent and highly sensitive to nature."

Then she went on explaining that she was completing a book of poetry and needed a temporary job, because she was penniless.

Vera was dressed in bright red pajamas, a large paisley-like bow at her neck and a brown fedora perched jauntily on her head. She said that when she was "on the road" she preferred to dress as a man for three "you can be a perfect lady and a perfect gentleman at the same time." Vera was obviously mentally sick like many other girls on the loose.

Maria was the opposite of the above. She was abnormally intelligent. When



Kay Littleton, Who Takes to the Road Because of the Wanderlust. Kay Has Tramped Europe and South America and Most of the United States.

Hobo King Jeff Davis Complained of the Hordes of Disreputable Women Menacing 40,000 Honest Hoboettes on Our Highways—But the General Director of the Travelers Aid Calls the Title "Hoboette" No Bargain Either, Nor Accurately Descriptive, and Explains Why So Many American Girls Take to the Road, and What Becomes of Them

she was discovered she gave her name as Eileen and her age 19. She was actually only 15. Marie was unattractive, very untidy, and she wore heavy, thick glasses. She had hitch-hiked across the country from the Coast and was proud of the fact that she made the trip in only two weeks.

Marie said she had come to New York to see the city and to "mark time" until she was able to carry out her plan—to join an expedition to South America in search of uncut precious stones. She was interested in various types of gems and said she had a collection of them.

When asked about her family, Marie described her mother as "lacking in spirit, weak and too much of a goody-goody." She also expressed antagonism against her younger sister. The present runaway was her third. She had left home the first time when she was 13 and had gone with a radio. She had planned to go to South America but was picked up before she got very far. On the second occasion she was arrested, and the juvenile court entered the picture because she was sharing living quarters with some of the cowboys in the rodeo. Now, she said, there was no point in sending her back home again, for she would just run away once more.

A mental examination disclosed that she had super intelligence, initiative and good mental capacity. After some persuasion Marie consented to return home, and once she had made this decision she wanted to rush away at once. It took some time to arrange for her transportation. However, Marie wasn't the type to wait. She left on Christmas Day.



A Hitch-Hiker on a Florida Highway—One of the Most Dangerous Adventures for the Women Hobos and Sometimes for the Driver of the Car as Well. Walter Hale Photo.

Mrs. Caesar

By Wallace Irwin

THE AMERICAN WEEKLY
Circulation
in the World



After Her Frantic Struggle With Ted Mills, Margot, Brandishing the Blackthorn Stick With Which She Had Struck Him, Rushed to the Pier Edge Just as He Topped Into the Sea.

YOU'LL be good to me, won't you? Don't waste your time with Rube Halloran. He's a flash in the pan. John's too old for you. I'm John's age but I'm not old." With this rush of impassioned words as the two astounded themselves on the beach, Ted Mills put trembling arms about amazed and shocked Margot Tabor, glamorous young wife of John Tabor, his best friend.

She struggled away and he ran after her apologizing: "I guess you've made me forget everything." When they reached his house, where she was staying while John was away, she stopped. "I'll forget it if you will," she said. Like a cornered thief, he pleaded: "You won't tell?" Her answer cut him: "I couldn't even if I wanted to. It would hurt too many people I love."

But the unfortunate episode upset her daily life. If she told Alma, Ted's adoring and elderly wife, she would wreck the happiness of a woman who had befriended her and whose little boy she loved. If she told John, she would blast his faith in a man he respected and trusted.

To add to her mental unrest, there was youthful and attractive Rube Halloran to whom Ted had so scathingly referred. Rube had made love to Margot, before her marriage, on her first visit to Fan Harbor. At that time she had out a party given by John to be with him. They had sat in the moonlight and for a brief moment Margot had been ready to go to the world's end with him. He was the one to break the spell. "Marg," he said, "this is over. They've closed my office, invited me to get out. Jumping my bills. Sorry to take you away from John Tabor's party."

She got to her feet in a rage. "Glad to get me in wrong, you mean."

He was harsh with her. "All right, take it that way. Go ahead and make it up with John. He's got what you need. You've got what he wants. You belong here. I don't."

"There's always that Drew girl," she cried, still raging, "she's rich as mud."

They parted and Rube left Fan Harbor. Alma took Margot under her wing and encouraged the attentions. John Tabor, famous lawyer, showered on her protegee. Rube was weak. John was strong. Margot realized his fine points and when she married him it was not with a feeling that she was doing it for the luxury he could give her. They spent their honeymoon in the North woods and there she learned to know the real John and to love him devotedly.

Yes, he was older and she wasn't surprised when he said to her a few months later. "You're young and I'm not. Run around with your own age. Pick a beau or two if you feel like it. You're too sensible to get yourself in a mess." She took him at his word and how she played when they returned to Fan Harbor. They all knew her, the smart younger set at the Hunt Club, the Country Club, the Yacht Club. Margot played while John, busy with his law cases, worked, frequently away from home.

And then Rube reappeared and reopened his real estate office. Of course she saw him, always assuring herself that the old flame was dead, joking with him and aware that the lovely and rich Nora Drew, in love with Rube, regarded her with a bitter eye.

Just after the unenvying beach episode with Ted the Mariners Club gave a gay party to celebrate the election of Ted as Commodore. John was there and Rube, who hated Ted and openly said so. The thought of talking to Ted, of being close to him threw Margot into a panic. She started to leave but Rube hailed her and sensing something wrong tried to find out what it was.

To escape Ted she danced with Rube. As she whirled past her husband, she thought, "John's jealous as a cat." Then she heard Rube asking: "What's the trouble? I'll do anything in the world to help you."

"I'm a happy married woman with a prize husband," she replied, and pointed out Nora Drew as the answer to his dreams. "Suppose

I drop in tomorrow and talk about myself," he asked. "Don't you do it," she admonished definitely deciding not to have Rube around any more when John was away.

But when she drove home with her husband she was hurt when he asked her to avoid Rube. "You've got to remember," he said, "you've got a position in the world. Halloran isn't exactly the type a married woman should be seen with, too much."

"What's wrong with him?" she asked. "I like him."

"Halloran's lady-killer with every woman on the beach. In debt again. Posted at the Country Club. He's not respectable. Not decent."

"He's not respectable but he's decent," she countered.

"Is he? Do you know he got drunk the other day and threatened to strike Ted Mills?" She thought, "Oh, sacrilege!" but she said in a shaken voice, "He told me," and then she remarked mutely: "John, do you remember when we went to Canada after our marriage. How lovely it was in the woods, just we two? We both seemed to be—"

"The same age," he replied brooding. "Can't we do it again?" she pleaded, "just the way we did—"

"That's funny, Margot, I've been thinking the same thing. We could go next week, maybe for a month."

"Oh John," she cried, "that's beautiful." It would be wonderful, she thought, to get away, even for a time.

He jerked her back to attention. "You heard Ted ask me to go to Bay Shore in the morning. He's got a fast motor boat. That's the quickest way."

"Take me with you," she begged. "Ted's got a better idea than that. He and Alma want you to come over there."

Panic-stricken, she made excuses and after a strained silence John asked: "Any objections to the Mills? Anything happened?"

She tried to answer lightly that they were all lovely and finally agreed to go. John kissed her goodnight and thanked her but when Ted Mills drove up the next morning to get her she hesitated and when "beach party" was mentioned she politely made excuses and sent Ted away visibly miffed.

Later, her servant Alfredo, announced the arrival of Rube. Margot came to the top of the stairs and called down. "I'm all in, so I'm not asking you to dinner."

Rube protested. She came half way down the stairs so they wouldn't have to yell. "Rube dear," she said, "I told you last night I didn't want to see anybody. I meant it."

"That's no reason. I've got a good excuse."

"What excuse?"

"Well, maybe I left my Irish blackthorn walking stick, with spikes all over it, in your car. Seen it?"

"If I find it I'll bring it to the club tomorrow. Run along little boy," she said.

She watched him go, little dreaming of the tragic shadow the blackthorn stick was to cast over her life.

And Now Go On With the Story.

CHAPTER VI

RELUCTANTLY Rube Halloran went away. Poor enthusiast, reaching for the moon! He had touched it, once, and then it was gone.

Now the moon was Nora Drew, fallen into his lap. And he didn't want her. Rube wasn't Irish for nothing. And where had she seen that Irish blackthorn stick. She had tucked it away somewhere; John would be jealous again, if he found it. She'd leave it at the club tomorrow. She was tired of Rube, tired of everything.

The tray came up with nothing she wanted, except the tea. She sat in negligee and slippers, drinking tea, hot and strong; she knew it would keep her awake on a night when she'd rather sleep. Finally she sent the tray back and began knitting again on John's sweater, trying to get the cable stitch that other girls

(Continued on Next Page)

SELECTED FICTION

Is Margot Wise in Keeping Her Terrible Secret From John?

(Continued from Preceding Page)

did so easily. Her thoughts were like the raveled yarn, that never came out right.

She'd have to do something about the Mills. She had no intention of giving up Alma and Ronnie. She began to feel her youngness. A year in Fan Harbor hadn't made her a woman of the world who could tackle a problem and beat it. She couldn't keep up this stand-offish business, avoiding Alma, just to dodge Ted. And she couldn't, couldn't tell anybody what was really the matter.

Melancholy sounds from the kitchen wing told her that Alfredo was practicing on his flute. He always practiced when John was away. John hated that flute. To Margot, alone, the sour notes were companionable, Alfredo's moment of rapture floated in the sour notes.

She flung aside John's sweater and lay down, the air conditioner made such a whirr, that she got up and turned it off. Then turned it on again, for no breeze came from the fan.

She awoke, exhausted, wondering why she should feel so tired. It must be the weather. She wasn't afraid of being alone, and there was nothing to worry about. She had cut off Rube Halloran. He meant no more to her than one of the damaged riding crops in the closet downstairs. Well, a little more. She hated to hurt him, even though he had hurt her deeply once. That depth was now a shallow. As shallow to him as it was to her, he'd know that, if he ever graduated from his sophomore year.

Through the dullness of a half dream, she realized that she was worrying about John. That disturbance was peculiar, beyond reasoning. Nobody could be safer than John, going down to Bay shore in a rich man's motor boat. Violent things didn't happen to John. He was too careful.

She worried about him, just the same. He hadn't been well, he would go till he dropped, and say nothing. He couldn't stand much sun, he wasn't like the leather-holed outdoor man, Ted Mills for instance. John never stopped working. It would be wonderful, if he'd go up to Canada. Wonderful for both of them.

She was being sorry for John, and somehow guilty. She wanted to give him all her love, as she had given it fully only once, up there in the Canadian woods. The fire and the excitement was inside him somewhere, but years and years of conflict had created him. His strength was in his will, not his body. Yet in spirit he was twice as strong as Ted Mills. John wouldn't admit that, because his friendship was as generous, as blind. John was like Samson, strong and blind. Poor dear.

It was hard to be content with him. But he'd make a big effort when he came home. She'd put her arms around him and tell him how sorry it was to be jealous of Rube, who had meant so very little to her, really, and now meant nothing.

SHE would tell him everything, everything that is, except the horrid moment with Ted Mills. After all he was John's friend, Alma's husband, Ronnie's father. Whatever happened, they mustn't lose their dream. Margot, resolving this, began to relent a little toward Ted. He had lost his head a moment, the way men do, but it rather disgustingly, but in his ashamed apology he had remembered John and a friendship he wouldn't stop. Perhaps he had repented, too, his high position as Fan Harbor's number one civic reformer. It was getting quite dark, Margot switched on the lights. It was only twenty-five minutes of ten by the little clock, a long, dull evening was ahead of her, and the tea had been strong. She'd take a book to bed with her, something heavy that would start her thinking by eleven. John had miles of history in his library.

She was almost down the stairs when she saw a glimmer of a chance of good. The flute was still squeaking from the kitchen wing. The telephone in the hall was ringing its head off. That would be Rube again. Now it was like a naughty imp in her mind, suggesting. There's whiskey on the sideboard. There's nothing wrong in asking him over. She quelled the imp, reached for the receiver. "Hello, Margot?"

It wasn't Rube's voice. Something jerked inside her, recognizing it; it was so strained and solemn.

"Is that you, Mr. Mills?"

"Yes." One word like the answer to a warning. "I can't explain it now." Then something about John. "You should come right away."

"But what?"

"Hurry down to Megg's Landing. Sorry."

She was shut out, or he had hung up. She was still shouting. "John wouldn't let her go with him to Bay Shore."

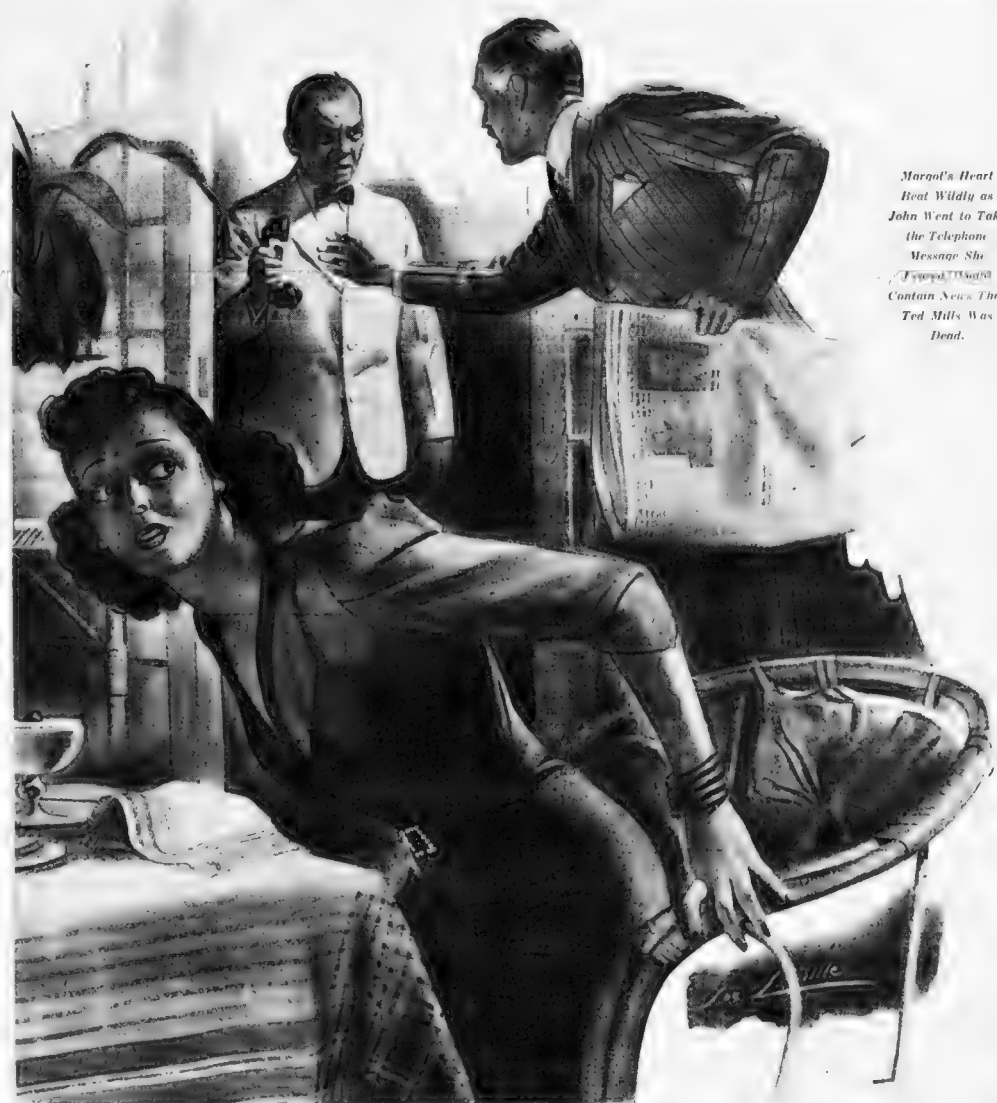
She reached into the hall closet for a wrap to cover her and pulled out an old, faded coat. Something fell out from behind it, clattering woodenly. Rube's stick. She picked it up, an ugly black thing with knobby head and thorny shaft. It came like a reminder. Run cross-cuts to Megg's Wharf, only a quarter of a mile. That's quicker than going by car.

John stuck and asking for me.

When she got to the porch outside she had on heavy shoes, and the stick was still in her hand. A little reason came back to her, seeing her car in the drive. She'd better take the car, after all. John would need it.

She swung herself under the wheel. Rube's blackhorn clacked against the instrument board.

Megg's Landing, that isolated strip of shore which Mills' money had snatched from Rube Halloran, showed a square gray blotch in a drift of Summer fog. The square she



Margot's Heart Beat Wildly as John Went to Take the Telephone Message She Expected. That Ted Mills Was Dead.

saw, diving closer, was the boathouse on its stubby pier. Dimly she found a concrete apron running up to a low barge hedge; another car was parked there, so near that her hub almost touched it. There would be a gate somewhere, but her excited eyes missed it in the darkness.

From the boathouse window a light drained across the dock. She lifted her negligee, and her bare legs showed over the prickly hedge, not minding the scratches; her feet laddered softly on a concrete walk that rimmed the wooden dock. She ran to the wharf's edge, looking for the boat that had brought John home.

There was no boat.

With a catch of fear she stared at the little house, dimly lit. She hadn't been afraid, up to this minute; only shocked and worried. But the dead whiteness of the mist, with a tide that chuckled as it ripped through the narrow gut of sea-water, and the boathouse window like a watchful eye, gave her the silly feeling of being drawn into a net.

The door opened. Ted Mills' bulk was framed in the bright square. "Margot!" he called out, turning, peering through the mist.

"Here I am, Mr. Mills," she said quietly.

"Oh." Strangely that one word told her he had been drinking. Drinking a lot. She might have smelt his breath, it told her so plainly.

"Why don't you come in out of that pea soup?" A jolly sound. "Everything's nice and cozy in here."

"Where's John?" She didn't move a muscle.

"Come on in. I'll tell you."

"Where's John?"

Ted Mills came toward her, straight and powerful, not lurching as a drunken man should. A scared glance into the boathouse showed her a nicely furnished room, a couch,

a table with glasses and a silver flask. In another mood she would have laughed. His attempt was so very raw.

He came up to her. Even in the veil of fog she felt her nakedness, and pulled the coat closer where his little eyes followed. "Oh, John's all right," he said. "He's still at Bay Shore, I guess." His big chest heaved, laughing at the splendid joke. "I'm glad you came just as you were." His eyes searching, "I had to offer some indifference, didn't I?"

"Have you lost your mind?"

"I'm afraid I have." His voice went deep and growling with a passion that terrified her. "I don't give a damn for anything but you. To hell with what people think about me and growing with a passion that terrified her."

"I don't give a damn for anything but you. To hell with what people think about me and growing with a passion that terrified her."

"I don't give a damn for anything but you. To hell with what people think about me and growing with a passion that terrified her."

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"I don't give a damn for anything but you. To hell with what people think about me and growing with a passion that terrified her."

"What do you want to say about John?"

"Maybe I oughtn't to tell you." The thick, crazy song sang. "Wouldn't hurt you for the world. Darling, I'd give you anything to make you happy. You'll know that, when... I know John like a book. Blood like green ink. I don't need to tell you. You like ten years not half dead. I'm ten years younger than John... I mean."

"Is John all right?" Her tone was colder than the mist. The big, alcoholic face was close to hers.

"Come inside. You're not dressed for outdoor." Seemingly, "I've brought you some of the old, shiny things, but they're old."

"No." His hand touched her wrist. She struck it away with the back of her hand.

"I've brought you some of the old, shiny things, but they're old."

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"I've brought you some of the old, shiny things, but they're old."

you told." She looked into his face. "You're lying. Don't think I won't tell John. Every damned thing word. He'll see you. He's twice as smart as you are, and he's white. Oh, if I were a man."

But you're a woman, and that's what's the matter. I had only a foggy memory of that foggy hell. Ted Mills had become an air, chasing her half across the wharf. Then he had her under the arm, his musty breath coming in her face. "Come along and shut up."

She tried to escape, but he caught her. "I've brought you some of the old, shiny things, but they're old."

"I've brought you some of the old, shiny things, but they're old."

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(Continued on Page 16)

On the Treasure Trail of the Wicked Old Pirates



CULVER SERVICE

The Old Slave Market in Tunis at Which Women Captives of the Pirates Were Exposed and Sold to the Highest Bidders for the Harems of the Desert Princes, and Subjected to the Utmost Humiliations Unless They Foreswore Christianity and Became Mohammedans. (From a Drawing by the Well-Known 19th Century Traveler and Artist, G. May.) Culver Service.

THE AMERICAN WEEKLY offers today the eleventh of a remarkable series of articles bringing out a number of little-known and hitherto unpublished facts about the old pirates and their hidden treasures.

They are written by Harold T. Wilkins, English explorer, who is a world-famous authority on the subject, and who has spent a large part of his life in investigating and searching for the blood-stained but glamorous loot of the Gentlemen of the Jolly Roger.

Mr. Wilkins has his plans made for an expedition next year to seek unknown treasures of the best-known of all American pirates, Captain Kidd.

Now chain-shot, grape and langrage
Pierce through her oaken side,
And many a gallant sailor's blood
Runs purpling in the tide;
While death flew nimbly o'er their decks,
Some lost their legs, and some their necks
And glory's wreath our ship bedecks
For brave Decatur's boys.
—Anonymous.

By HAROLD T. WILKINS,
Explorer and Treasure Seeker.

CHAPTER XI.

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SINCE the middle of the 15th Century, Barbary pirates had been the gangsters of the sea. They captured and enslaved ships and crews from all nations. The slave markets of Morocco, Algiers, Tunis and Tripoli were packed with white-skinned women awaiting the bids of swart desert men.

Coast towns of the Mediterranean were regularly pillaged and the dark-eyed women snatched into swift, black galleys, some to be cruelly tortured by the racially crews, then thrown overboard, others to be cherished for the harems of Bashas, Deys and other Moslem princelings.

Fortifications along the North African coast were built by Christian slaves, staggering under the chains and whips of their savage captors. Decatur, hero of the American war against Tripoli, was to shell batteries built by his own shipmates. Crews of Christian ships were kennelled in vermin-infested barracks called bagnios, where disease added to their miseries, where only the filthiest food was permitted them. An American victim of Barbary slavery wrote the following lines:

By night close bolted in the bagnio's gloom,
Think how they ponder on their dreadful doom,
Recall the tender sire, the weeping bride,
The home, far sundered by a waste of tide,
Brood all the ties that once endeared them there,
But now, strong stronger, edge their keen despair,
Till here a fouler fiend arrests their pace;
Plague, with his burning breath and bloated face,
Stalks o'er the slave; who, cowering on the sod,
Shrinks from the demon and invokes his God,
Sucks hot contagion with his quivering breath,
And, racked with rending torture, sinks in death.

Several nations had attempted to redeem their captives by force, but with little success. For hundreds of years members of a society called The Holy Trinity and Redemption of Captives, known as Mathurins, from the church of St. Mathurin,

their patron, devoted their lives to securing funds for the redemption of Christian slaves.

Gradually American faces appeared among the miserable wretches who sweated and starved under brutal slave drivers. American ships were attacked, their cargoes pirated, their crews sold to the highest bidders.

In addition to revenue obtained from plunder and ransom the Barbary States demanded huge sums from European countries for immunity. Tribute was paid annually in money and military stores. Representatives of foreign powers were required to make valuable presents to the Moslem rulers. They were forced to bend low when entering the presence of the Bey of Tunis. Refusal to kiss his hand nearly cost the life of a French consul. In Algiers, because the British consul would not remove his shoes and kiss the hand of the Dey, he was banished for "insolent behavior."

Still the European powers paid tribute to the insolent pirates. For only those who paid dared risk their ships in Mediterranean waters. They naturally charged enormous freight rates for carrying foreign cargoes.

"It is well known," wrote Richard O'Brien, U. S. Consul General at Algiers, "that those nations that are at peace with the Barbary States do not wish that any other nation should obtain a peace, that they should not reap a part of these advantageous branches of commerce in the Mediterranean."

During the Colonial period American shipping was protected under British treaties. But the American Revolution transferred from London to Philadelphia the problem of protecting American commerce.

In 1782 two American ships; the Maria of Boston, and the Dauphin of Philadelphia, were captured by Algerines. The Dey demanded \$59,496 as ransom for twenty-one captives from the ships at the following rates:

3 captains at \$6,000 each, per head . . .	\$18,000
2 mates at \$1,000 each, per head . . .	8,000
2 passengers at \$4,000 each, per head . . .	8,000
11 sailors at \$1,400 each, per head . . .	19,600
Eleven percent to be added according to custom . . .	5,896

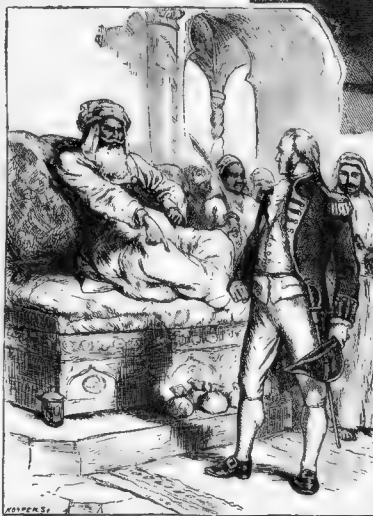
In Spanish milled dollars . . . \$59,496

The American counter offer was \$200 per person, which the Dey scornfully refused, and by 1792 there were 119 American prisoners in Algiers.

Many attempts were made to ransom them but each offer met with nothing but insolence and threats. It was in fact the menace of Barbary pirates to the merchant shipping of the United States that decided the government on the necessity for a navy.

On March 10th, 1794, a bill was passed in the House of Representatives authorizing President Washington to provide six ships; four carrying forty-four guns each and two, thirty-six each.

Late in the same year Joseph Donaldson, who was later to become U. S. Consul of Tunis and Tripoli, reopened negotiations with the Dey of Algiers. The Dey demanded \$2,247,000, two thirty-five gun frigates, a large annuity of stores and biennial presents in return for a guarantee of peace and the freedom of American captives. After much bargaining, threats and counter-threats, an adjustment was made obligating the U. S. to pay



Scene Between Captain William Bainbridge and the Dey of Algiers in Which the Latter said: "You Pay Me Tribute, By That You Become My Slave." But Captain Bainbridge Soon Changed That Line. (From An Old Print.)

\$642,500, and an annual tribute of 12,000 Algerian sequins (\$21,600) in naval stores.

The following June the captives were released. But the U. S. representative asked the Dey's assistance in making peace with Tunis and Tripoli. The Bashas of Tripoli had captured two American ships and the Bey of Tunis, although accepting American tribute, was still attacking United States shipping. The Dey made extravagant promises to help, but his word was worth no more than the others'.

In 1800, Captain William Bainbridge, in command of the frigate George Washington, sailed for Algiers with the annual tribute. When he arrived he anchored inside the harbor mole, and unfortunately under the guns of the fort. The Dey was in disfavor with his overlord, the Grand Sultan of Turkey because he had formed a peace treaty with France against whom the Ottoman Empire was at war. Fearful of consequences, he decided to send presents to the Grand Sultan with an Ambassador, and demanded that the George Washington take them.

Bainbridge promptly refused; such action would be against his orders. But his ship was under the Dey's guns, and dark threats were made. Furious, he defied the jolling Moslem and the Consul General, O'Brien, waited nearby.

"You pay me tribute," the Dey declared, pointing to the bags of gold at his feet. "By that you become my slaves. I have a right to order my slaves as I please."

There was nothing to do but agree and a few



Stephen Decatur, the American Navy Hero Who Broke the Power of the Tripolitan Corsairs by His Daring Exploits in 1801. (From the Original Painting by Alonzo Chappel.)



Sixteenth Century Pirates of the Mediterranean (From the Painting by the English Roy)

days later the wrathful captain watched his immaculate ship overrun by a shrieking, smelly mob, two hundred of whom were given passage in the George Washington by the Dey. A further insult was offered. The Crescent banner of Algiers flew at the main while the Stars and Stripes fluttered from the mizzen mast.

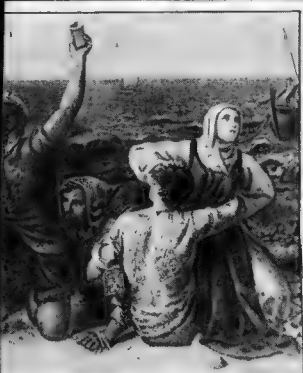
When the George Washington arrived at Constantinople a Turkish officer was sent to inquire under what flag she sailed.

"The flag of the United States of America," growled the long-suffering Bainbridge.

"Never heard of it," replied the emissary. "Is that what is called the New World?"

On being answered in the affirmative the Sultan welcomed Bainbridge cordially. He said that he had "particularly noticed the stars in the United States flag, which he considered a good omen of the future friendly intercourse which would exist between the two nations, as that of Turkey was one of the Heavenly Bodies, and therefore concluded there must be some analogy between the people and the laws, habits, religion and manners of Americans and Mussulmen." The frigate was

Heave Ho! and Off for the Seven Seas With Explorer Wilkins to Join the Search for Pieces-of-Eight, Bars of Gold, Sparkling Jewels and All the Long-Buried Booty of the Jolly Roger's Black Brotherhood—Tales of the World's Most Famous Buccaneers Never Told Before



Hayling at Dice for Women Prisoners. Academy Artist F. B. Pickersgill.

mitted to anchor off Seraglio Point, and the Sultan, admiral of the Ottoman fleet, enained Bainbridge with much honor. The result of Bainbridge's enforced call on the Sultan was that his ship received a firman safe conduct throughout the Ottoman Empire. presents sent by the Dey of Algiers were acted but he himself was severely reprimanded. Bainbridge returned he prudently anchored of range of the Algerine guns. The Dey ordered him to return to Constanti- ple with further presents, but he refused, advis- ing the nervous Dey of his friendship with the Sultan. The Dey immediately changed his mind and favored mightily on the American, prom- ising eternal peace and assistance to the American ships. But meanwhile Tunis and Tripoli, furious that they had been more than they from the United States were increasing their blackmail. The Dey of Tunis demanded the following presents:

(rifle), 6 feet long, mounted with gold, set with diamonds

Chappell's Historic Painting Entitled "Deatur's Struggle With the Algerines" Illustrates a Curious Historical Inaccuracy. It Portrays the Saving of Deatur's Life by the Sailor Robin James. Who, Although Wounded in Both Arms, Thirsted Himself Under the Descending Scimitar of a Barbary Pirate. This Action Really Took Place in the Battle of Tripoli, Not Algiers. The Sailor Was Not Robin James But Daniel Fraser

- 1 set with gold mounting, ordinary length
- 1 pair pistols, set with diamonds
- 4 pair pistols, mounted with gold
- 1 poniard, enamelled, set with diamonds
- 1 diamond ring
- 1 gold repeating watch with diamonds
- 1 gold snuff box, set with diamonds
- 6 pieces of brocade of gold
- 30 pieces superfine cloth of different colors
- 6 pieces satin, different colors

For the Bey's son:

- 1 gold-mounted fucose
- 1 gold-mounted pair pistols
- 1 gold-mounted watch with diamonds

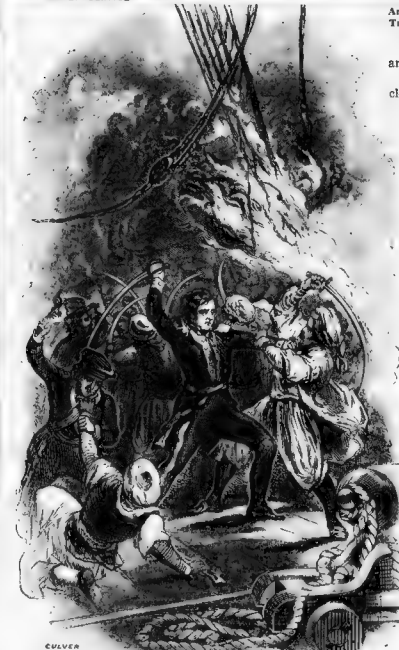
Such fantastic demands were made by differ- ent rulers during the next two years; the threat of war being constantly shaken before the haggard eyes of the United States consul along the Barbary coast. But America was becoming sick of extortion and despatched a fleet to guard American shipping in the Mediterranean. July 13, 1803, Captain William Bainbridge was commissioned to take the Philadelphia into the Mediterranean "to subdue, seize and make prize of all vessels, goods and effects belonging to the Bas- ha of Tripoli or his subjects."

The Philadelphia cruised off the harbor of Tri- poli watching keenly for enemy vessels. On Octo- ber 31 she sighted a Moorish ship inshore, sneak- ing for the harbor. Immediately Bainbridge gave orders to make sail and give chase. Discovering himself to be in treacherous shoal water Bain- bridge, after firing a few shots, discovered that he had no hope of catching the enemy ship. He ac- cordingly ported his helm to haul off-shore. But the water instead of deepening as he expected, sud- denly shoaled and he ran aground on a rock. "Lay back all sail!" he shouted. "Run the guns aft."

But the shift of weight did nothing to lift the bows off the pinnacle of rock. "Stave water casks and pump," he ordered, eye- ing the enemy ship which was now maneuvering, with other enemy gunboats, on the port side. Sailors manned the great pumps and sparkling water soused through the scuppers. The Tripoli-



SILVER SERVICE



Another Early Nineteenth Century Print Showing Deatur Leading His Men to Drive the Pirates Off the Captured "Philadelphia."

tan ships began firing and balls began to splinter the bulwarks and deck.

"Run those guns to starboard!" roared Bain- bridge. "Cut all anchors loose but the larboard bower. Jettison everything that'll cast off."

Sternchasers were run out and holes chopped to give them a firing angle on the enemy. The heavy wind and tide however, were driving the frigate hard on the rock until she listed to star- board, making her remaining guns useless against the pirates. But all that day they fought off the Moslems with muskets and two cannonades.

"Cut away the foremast and main 't'gallant," ordered Bainbridge, and cursed bitterly as the top hamper of his graceful ship crashed overboard.

But the gallant vessel listed until she was on her broadside; the crew clinging like flies to the almost perpendicular deck, helpless to return the murderous hail of grape and canister that whined and crashed into them.

Bainbridge called his officers to the wrecked cabin.

"Well, gentlemen," he said quietly, wiping sweat from his powder-blackened face. "What's to be done now?"

"We've done all that's possible, sir."

"Do we have to surrender to these—pirates?"

"Better that than have them kill us all like rats."

"They crouched in the main cabin while shot thudded into the deck. Occasionally they would hear the bark of a musket and the scream of some galley slave as the ball smashed into him."

"They're closing in, sir," reported a lieutenant. Bainbridge drew himself up.

"Jettison all small arms," he snapped. "We'll leave as little as possible."

Magazines were flooded and seaconcs opened. They heard the sea roaring into the hull. "On deck, gentlemen."

They crawled on to the deck and stood to at- tention while the captain hauled down the Stars

An Old Print Showing the Algerians Breaking Their Treaty With the United States by Attacking an Unarmed American Merchant Vessel in 1803.

and Stripes and prepared to surrender.

Screeching with triumph the enemy ships closed, wild-eyed Moslems waving their weapons and yelling like madmen. Of- ficers and men packed their belong- ings and stood together in good order.

The pirates clambered like rats over the ship, scrambling through gun ports, up cables, searching for booty, swarming like lice about the Philadelphia's shot-splintered decks. Threatened with scimitars and pikes, the officers stood impassively while swords, watches, epaulettes, rings, money; everything of value was snatched from them, even to their cravats and outer garments.

"Hold fast, boys," cautioned Bain- bridge, as more than one furious American hauled off to drive his fist into a yelling, pirate mouth. "Don't give them reason to slaughter us all."

The ship was resting on the bot- tom, her bilge on which the Ameri- cans clung, still above water. The Tripolitans hustled them into boats and rowed, bellowing raucously to the shore. There they were surrounded by evil-eyed guards and marched through a spitting, cursing mob to the Basba's palace.

The Basba questioned them close- ly. What was their force? Where were the other ships? But Bain- bridge gave as little information as possible, and his men were marched to the late American consul's house in charge of the Minister of State, Sidi Mohammed Sighes.

Next day Bainbridge was sent for again and instructed to write a letter to Commodore Preble, commanding the American squadron, asking him to liberate all Tripolitan prisoners.

Bainbridge refused. Furious, the Basba sent for his chief slave-driver and officers and men were herded together in a damp, foul hole in the Castle yard where they were left all one day with nothing but a little black bread and some filthy water. But this did not deter the brave Americans and shortly after the officers were removed to the consul's house.

One of the most tragic moments in Bainbridge's life came a few days later. A severe storm brought on such a high tide that the Philadelphia floated off the reef and was found to be little damaged. She was pumped out and refloated. Her guns were dredged up from the bottom and the frigate was brought to anchor inside the harbor little the worse for her experience.

Hopelessly the officers looked out of their prison at their ship, now a valuable weapon in the hands of the enemy.

However, Mr. Nielsen, Danish consul at Tripoli befriended the Americans, and Bainbridge was able through him to get messages out to Commodore Preble. He wrote them in invisible ink on envelopes that were used to enclose books lent him by the Danish consul.

On December 5th, Captain Bainbridge wrote a secret letter to Commodore Preble suggesting that with eight well-manned boats the Philadelphia could be destroyed; especially as the enemy gun- boats were beached at that time. He regretted to add that it would be impossible to work the Phi- ladelphia out of harbor because of the tortuous channel.

Meanwhile Lieutenant Stephen Decatur, com- manding the Enterprise, was cruising the Mediter- ranean islands when he captured a Turkish ketch the Mastic. He took her to the American base at Syracuse in Sicily, then allied with the United States, and Commodore Preble condemned her as a prize and renamed her the Intrepid. It was at Syracuse that Preble communicated with Decatur the information he had received from Bainbridge.

Now Decatur had a soft spot in his heart for the captured frigate. She had been built in his

(Continued on Page 18)

NEVER A SECOND'S SLEEP FOR YOUR BRAIN

(Continued from Page 5)

his "Kiss Me Again" waltz and Julia Ward Howe the words for the "Battle Hymn of the Republic" while asleep. The famous English artist, John Armstrong, dreamed strange prophetic dreams while in the "just going to sleep" state. These dreams he claimed to have later transformed into his remarkable paintings.

Many creative geniuses who do not actually remember dreaming their inspirations, find that they work best in the early morning hours. It may be that a pulsating brain really has done the spade work for them during the night and the awakened individual merely is recording the results.

Don't buy new cars or clothes to decide any important matter late in the afternoon but say they will go home and "sleep on it." If one were to observe the brain-wave patterns of two such sleeping men of industry, these electro-impulse records might take one form for the man who licked his problem during the night and a decidedly different one for the fellow who still was "on the fence" next day.

Several years ago the United States Navy tried out a "Learn While You Sleep" method of instructing radio operators. Hour after hour through the night instructors sent radio code to sleeping "learners" who were equipped with regular aviation radio-telephone head sets so they could receive the messages. No one watched the wave patterns of these working brains but it was reported that students who "listened in" while asleep learned more readily than those who studied only while awake.

Sleep-walking is an instance of brain action in which the behavior the mind takes some unusual course that is contrary to its normal wakeful conduct. It is as if the mind had unlearned the usual pathways that are peculiar or even harmful.

In sleep-walking a person will walk around in his sleep, often in strange places, and the next morning remember nothing about what he has done or said. It is an experience that is common to many people, and some legends have been provided famous legal cases.

A few years ago an old man by the name of Robert Letru died on a prison farm near Paris after having been guarded by the police during the last fifty years of his life. In his only manhood he had been France's most brilliant detective. His promise of becoming one of the greatest detectives of all times was cut short when he solved a baffling murder case in which he, himself, had committed the murder. A man had been shot late one night while coming out of the water, after a solitary swim in the sea near Havre. No motive whatever for the killing could be discovered. The only evidence left by the murderer were a few tracks in stocking feet on the sandy beach, and the bullet in the dead man's chest. Finally Letru was called to the case and went to the scene of the murder. He examined the bullet. His mind became filled with amazement. Hurriedly and carefully he looked at the stocking footprints and announced he had solved the case except that he did not know the motive. He relayed them to Paris and gave himself up to the police.

The bullet was a peculiar one

which had been fired from a type gun of which Letru knew that only four had been made. One of them he owned himself. The bullet had been shot from his own gun. The stocking footprints of the murderer showed that the big toe on the right foot was missing. Years before Letru had had his right toe amputated following an injury to it. He was certain he had killed the man, however, he had no memory of it and could think of no possible motive.

Subsequent close observation of Letru revealed that he was an habitual sleep-walker.

While on one of these observed sleep-walking excursions he fired his gun, which the police had secretly loaded with blank shells at a man who appeared suddenly in his path. Not knowing what he had done the detective returned to the house and to bed. Next morning he had no recollection of what had happened. His case was diagnosed as homicidal somnambulism, and he was committed to the prison farm for the remainder of his life.

Then there is the well known English case of Geoffrey Denus, Russell, the "vicious baby" whom

the British House of Lords declared was the legitimate son of somnambulist Hon. Hugo Russell. The Hon. Hugo Russell, son and heir of Lord Amphil, one time Viceroy of India, had married attractive Christabel Hart, daughter of an officer in the British Army.

Russell was deeply in love with his wife, but she did not return his affections. Their agreement had been that their marriage would be only a platonic one. In the years following, Hon. Hugo developed a melancholy mood on the verge of suicide as he awaited the thawing of his precocious wife's heart.

Sleep-walking became a regular habit, and testimony before the noble assembly of British peers in a later court suit revealed that he often visited his wife's bedroom while in a somnambulist state, only to be sent away by her when she was asleep.

This testimony also revealed medical backing for the idea that she may have slept so soundly on one occasion that she was not awakened by her husband's nocturnal stroll and that the platonic agreement may have been broken without the conscious knowledge of either of them. The Hon. Christabel Russell stated that on that night

she had dreamed of such an experience.

A son of the "vicious baby" was born to Mrs. Russell. Russell she later stated, realizing that he was not the father of the child, did not want to develop it, but he was not the case was really assigned to the House of Lords. This ruled that he was no bastard. Further

The apparent mechanical or automatic performances of the sleep-walker with his legs jerked out and arms outstretched, the brain, because it is a member of well known causes, carries on mental processes during sleep that have gone beyond the control of the conscious mind.

Why So Many American Girls Take to the Road

(Continued from Page 9)

and two or three more who lived while hitchhiking in Texas. Dr. Lowrey further breaks down his two main groups by mentioning cases in which girls have gone on the road because of educational ambitions, too strict family rule at home, illicit love affairs and shame of their results, and, in rare instances, just simply to see the sights.

In some cases parents wouldn't let their girl bring her boy friend to the house. This drives the girl to the dance hall and collar crib, and often to her moral downfall. Such strict demands for family conduct have driven many a girl to the road. Searching for a good time, girls often will go just a little over the line where trouble begins.

Many of the girls look upon social workers as "reformers"

This impression disappears when a girl falls into the hands of a worker who has a sympathetic understanding of the situation. Many of the girls are glad to go to the Vocational Adjustment Bureau to get help in finding out just what their real aptitudes are and the kind of job in which they would most likely succeed.

Although most of the runaway girls are unstable in character, they are stubborn in their fixed ideas until they wake up to the fact that they really are running away from themselves only.

The running girls in the United States are an important social problem and a difficult one to solve. Here are a few suggestions that may help to eradicate at least some of the evils.

Don't give girls rides along the road. Even if there were a difference between a "hoboette" and a "bunnette" you wouldn't

know the difference when you saw a girl thumbing her way. If your sympathy for the girl is more than you can resist, remember she may cause you no end of trouble.

At the same time, without confirmation of her story heart-breaking as it may sound, you may, unwittingly, be carrying her far away from home and her opportunities, the lack of which may have a destructive effect on her whole life. The chances are you may be doing the girl and yourself a great deal of harm.

This advice could be followed up by well-intentioned fellow passengers on bus or train and by sympathetic bus drivers who have no knowledge of the dangerous consequences of loaning a girl only a few dollars to get to her "flying mother," or some equally convincing story. The girl

may be telling the truth, but in most cases she isn't.

When you are approached by a girl for a loan or a ride, the best possible aid you can give her is to send her or take her to a Travelers Aid where skilled social workers will usually turn on the girl's difficult situation.

When a wandering girl comes to the fork of the road she should take neither the "honorable" road of a "hoboette" nor the less honorable—according to Jeff Davis' standards—road of the "trampette," but she should turn either back the way she came or take the shortest way to a social agency.

For the road of a "hoboette" leads to a "trampette" and the road of a "trampette" leads to a "bunnette"—if sound distinctions be made—and all three roads usually lead to the gutter.

MEN ASK TO MEET GIRLS WHO HAVE LOVELY "SCHOOLGIRL COMPLEXIONS"

TO HELP KEEP YOUR COMPLEXION LOVELY, USE THIS SOAP MADE WITH OLIVE OIL!

HELEN: YOU KNOW THAT HANDSOME NEW MAN, JIM? I'M GOING TO MEET HIM TONIGHT! DARLING, WE'VE GOT TO KEEP YOUR SKIN SO SOFT AND SMOOTH FOR TOMORROW NIGHT!

LUCY: I KNOW, I SUPPOSE IT WAS YOUR "SCHOOLGIRL COMPLEXION" THAT DID IT! IT'S JUST LIKE TO KNOW HOW YOU KEEP YOUR SKIN SO SOFT AND SMOOTH! I'M GOING TO TRY AND GET IT!

MAYBE YOU'RE USING THE WRONG SOAP, HELEN! WHY DON'T YOU TRY PALMOLIVE? THAT'S WHAT I ALWAYS USE!

YOU SEE, PALMOLIVE IS MADE WITH OLIVE AND PALM OILS, NATURE'S FINEST BEAUTY AIDS. THAT'S WHY ITS LATHER IS SO DIFFERENT, SO GOOD FOR DRY, LIFELESS SKIN! PALMOLIVE CLEANS SO THOROUGHLY YET SO GENTLY THAT IT LEAVES SKIN SOFT AND SMOOTH... COMPLEXIONS RADIANT!

MADE WITH Olive Oil TO KEEP SKIN SOFT AND SMOOTH!

WELL, I'M GOING TO USE ONLY PALMOLIVE FROM NOW ON!

DORA SHE'S NOT SO DUMB!

WHERE ARE YOU EATING WITH ALL THOSE PACKAGES?

I'M GOING TO FIX A BREAKFAST THAT WILL MAKE THIS FAMILY LOOK BETTER, FEEL BETTER AND WORK BETTER.

YESSIR, I'M GONNA FIX A BREAKFAST THAT'S FIT FOR A KING!

WILL IT BE FOR ME, MOMMY?

I HAVE MY DOUBTS, RICHIE. GO INSIDE BEFORE THIS MESS BLOWS UP!

ALL RIGHT, LAUGH, BUT SOME DAY I'LL BE FAMOUS FOR THIS... DORA, WHERE DO YOU KEEP THE SPINACH AND ORANGES? I'LL HAVE THIS THING SO FULL OF VITAMINS IT'LL WALK TO THE TABLE!

THAT'S THAT! BETCHA THEY'LL GIVE ME A MEDAL FOR THIS... NOW FOR THE FIRST TASTE...

UGH!

DORA!

ISN'T THAT JUST LIKE A MAN! THAT FLIES AND BOTHERS WHEN SHREDDED RALSTON WITH MILK OR CREAM AND FRUIT IS SERVED! THIS FAMILY NEEDS IT!

GEE, DORA, YOU'RE NOT SO DUMB! YOU'RE LOOKING SWELL AND I'M FEELING GREAT SINCE WE STARTED EATING SHREDDED RALSTON!

MY MOTHER USED TO SAY, "WHICH EVER DAY HELPS KEEP THE DOCTOR AWAY."

SHREDDED RALSTON TASTES SUPER DUPER DOUBLY DE LUXE... AND I'M DOING BETTER WORK IN SCHOOL, DADDY!

SHREDDED RALSTON IS A REALLY NEW AND DIFFERENT CEREAL. IT'S BITE SIZE... NO MUSS, NO CRUMBLING.

TRY SHREDDED RALSTON. SEE IF YOU DON'T FEEL BETTER, LOOK BETTER, WORK BETTER. MADE OF WHOLE WHEAT! IT SUPPLIES FOOD ELEMENTS WE ALL NEED TO KEEP FIT AND REGULAR.

IT'S BITE SIZE No Muss, No Crumbling

NOW A CEREAL FLAVOR SO NEW, SO DIFFERENT, IT'S GUARANTEED TO PLEASE OR YOUR MONEY BACK! *AND FLAVORS ONLY HALF THE STORY. MADE OF WHOLE WHEAT WITH ALL THE WHEAT GERM AND BRAN LEFT IN, SHREDDED RALSTON IS RICH IN ENERGY, MILDLY LAXATIVE, EASILY DIGESTED. TRY IT!

*The money-back guarantee is printed on the bottom of every package!

Shredded Ralston

Prepared by R. S. Gwaltney, Inc. 209654g
Ralston Cereal Company
St. Louis, Mo.

WILL RUBE'S PLAN SAFEGUARD MARGOT?

friendship, whispering in John Tabor's ear. It was the best friend you ever had. I was incapable of any treachery or lust. Nothing can shake your faith in me.

John's Tabor's brain pulled his mouth back in place, straight and severe.

"That John, how..." The question dropped unfinished from her lips; his head seemed to shake it away. Then his disciplined body came up from the chair and he said, quite unemotionally:

"Margot, I think we ought to go over there, right away." The room was sinking down. She opened her mouth wide.

"You mean—" "Alma's going to want to see us both. You've got a way with her, and maybe there's something she'll want you to do."

What could she do for Alma now? With one chance blow she had killed everything Alma had to live for. Except her boy.

Like a corpse Margot rose and followed John out to the car.

Alma Mills, in the darkened

room, wasn't crying when she said, "I won't let them keep him down there. They're bringing him home today."

The fearless woman, who would have expressed it less if she had been a fountain of grief, sat rigid, the godmother, incapable of complaining weekly.

Alma said, "There wasn't a stone on the place that he didn't know and love. He didn't know how to be unkind. Always thinking of others. He was too generous. Maybe that was it."

"Yes." That was all Margot could say tormenting herself for some time word of praise that Alma had left a little warmth back into this poor heart.

Who could have hated him so? Alma asked blindly. Who would want to do a thing like that?

The question John had asked, shocked at the news.

Alma said, "If there was anything he did that made somebody else want to know it, because Ted always lived backward to do the fair thing. He

wasn't afraid of being on the right side, in anything. John knows that. You know it, Margot."

Margot saw the worship in those dim, fearless eyes, and said softly, "Yes, sir."

Alma said, "I'm going on, because I want my boy to know how good and brave his father was. And what happened last night, I want found out so that people will know Ted, his fighting for something brave."

John can help. So can you, Margot. You've been very sweet to me."

Margot's dry tongue spoke the best comfort she could give.

"It's what you think of him, Alma, dear. That's what counts. His goodness wasn't wasted, on you, because you're so good yourself. You'll keep that, that feeling."

"Ah, and you'll help me." She raised Margot's crusty fingers to her breast, then pushed her away. Dr. Rem, the new rectum was coming in to see her.

Out in the hall Margot found M'amselle, hovering.

Where's Rube? Margot asked.

"Up in his playroom." Spare knuckles touched a hard mouth. He doesn't know yet. He thinks his father.

Margot murmured something about her husband, and whispered. She was clenching her teeth against an impulse to scream loudly. It would have been better to have gone up and talked to Bonnie. Not in a cat name. Bonnie would have to find out for herself.

Out in the car she sat alone, her head in her hands. Reports of the spying atom bomb had thought it was grief for the loss of a good neighbor. They would never know that Mrs. John Tabor had been talking with the widow of the machine sold; that from the bathroom of her heart she had promised to help in the only way she could to keep the family chain and honorable for his wife and son.

Make sure you have this soothing anesthetic plenty of it, instantly ready in case of need. It helps relieve the pain of burns and scalds. And use it for cuts, sunburns and skin irritations. The little experience here.

(To Be continued Next Sunday)

The events and characters depicted in this serial are fictitious and any apparent similarity to actual persons living or dead is merely a coincidence.

NEVER-NEVER
be without
UNGUENTINE

Make sure you have this soothing anesthetic plenty of it, instantly ready in case of need. It helps relieve the pain of burns and scalds. And use it for cuts, sunburns and skin irritations. The little experience here.

NEUTRO

"I Can't Tell You What's Wrong Now. So Go Quietly—Please Come!" Cried Margot hysterically to Rube Over the Telephone.

(Continued from Page 16)

He searched his memory for scraps of detective fiction. "You haven't any motive. If you came out and yelled 'I'm guilty' they'd call you a jitterbug in a love triangle. Then I would be in the soup. I'd never be able to lie out of that one."

"Then give me back that stick."

"What for? Want them to say you're hiding it for me? I've told you what to do. Stand pat. You're safe as a church."

"But you. Are you safe?" "What evidence is there?" This stick. Well, I've got it; it belongs to me. It's wrapped in paper, and I can wash off your fingerprints and mine too. Mills certainly took good care to call you to a place where nobody knew him.

And you two families are the friendliest people in town. That's your stick."

"She didn't know Rube was so clever. That was her out."

"And what's yours?" she asked.

"Mine? I don't need any. Irish imagination snapped in his words. 'I haven't seen you, you haven't seen me. And this is the big point. You and I are keeping three people from being poisoned by what we know. I've told you how you see that.'"

She believed she saw it. They were both involved. She didn't know Rube could be so smart in an emergency. It was a very simple thing he was doing for her, generously. Just keeping still and hating the evidence.

When he let her out at John's door her handshake was almost formal. It was so embarrassed. "You have helped," she said.

He chuckled, "Oh, it's nothing. Glad to have my stick back anyhow. You know about the Hallorans. They like dangerous weapons."

He drove away.

CHAPTER IX.

SHE was downstairs before John came home. There was no need for anyone to wake her; she hadn't slept at all.

She had taken hours to dress, because she was determined to show him a bright morning face. A plastered smile smarted under her stocking. She had tried to rub away the circles below her eyes, to pinch color back into her cheeks.

There was a small cut under her chin—the fingernail of a man who had fallen in the water. Blue marks on her arms were indelible smudges from his fingers. She couldn't knead them away. Elaborately bathed and powdered, rouged as if she was going to a dance, she put on a gay muslin gown, fresh as sunlight.

Then John came home. She tried not to be over-effusive with her kum. He put his Panama on the Queen Anne chest, and seemed glad to see her.

"Margot, what's the matter with your chin?"

She lied rapidly. "That darned closet door. I told you about it. The shelf in the wrong place."

"Hm. I'll send a carpenter over. Certainly nice to find you home, waiting for me. Have a good time at the Mills'?"

She looked him straight in the face. "I didn't go."

"Oh, what happened?"

"Oh, the electrician took all day with the rugs. Then the rugs came, and everything had to be unsettled. I explained it all to Ted. Look at the lovely Tabor, John. Isn't it a beauty?"

John admired the green and pink rug and said, "Fine," dryly.

He was being nice about everything, trying not to show that he was nettled.

She asked, "How'd you do at Bay Shore? Feel all right?"

"Fine. Nothing there to tire me. Any office boy could have settled it."

Just as she had suspected, Ted Mills had sent him on a wild goose chase. She said, brightly: "How silly of Ted in all that heat! I was worried about you."

"You needn't have been," he had come back in good temper. "I'll go on his bill, don't worry! How's breakfast?"

She poured his coffee, steadily, her hand so that the cup wouldn't slip over.

"Any excitement while I was away?"

"Oh, I lunched down at the Murders'—And afraid that he'd ask if she lunched with Rube."

Life goes on, he said, helping himself to bacon and toast.

Yes, life goes on. She heard a morbid significance in his remark, her tongue was poised on the edge of telling him, very casually, that Rube had dropped in last night and taken her for a drive—

But that wouldn't do. That would lead to a great deal more what horrors it might lead to.

He glanced around the room. "Alfredo!" To the little bobbing man, "Bring me the papers."

Papers, not come yet, said. "All right. Then bring me last night's."

SHE sat there, reading into John's face all sorts of hidden complications. She felt a burning pity for him, not for herself. He was the Caesar who had trusted a traitor friend. Impulses jarred together in Margot's mind. After that devilish thing, if she could only make one small confession.

If he could say, "John would it help you to know how little Rube means to me?" Rube knows I've told him."

He glanced up and saw her tears. His face softened, and he half rose to come to her, Alfredo, poised between tenderness and a pile of newspapers.

John turned peevishly, "Look here, Alfredo. What's wrong with the Record? Half the front page is gone!"

Margot said quietly: "That delivery boy mauls the papers so I'm sorry, John."

"It's not your fault," he said. "There was something I wanted to see about the Mills suit."

The telephone was ringing. Alfredo wasn't too deaf to hear it, he bounced to the phone, and stood holding the receiver.

"It's Mr. Nash," announced Alfredo. Mr. Nash was Ted Mills' secretary.

John went to take the message. Margot's heart, which had been wild before, bumped and gave out. She forced she almost knew that Nash's message would contain news that Ted Mills was dead.

"What's that?" John's crackling question rang out. "Mr. Mills is—what? Nash, your crackle, I can't believe it."

A distant, quaking explanation. "...but don't they know anything? How'd he get there?"

Where was he? More explanations. "...Nash, this is too horrible. Too awful..."

Best and shaking white as marble. John came back and plumped into his chair. A hand waved as he rose his forehead. He didn't say a word. The crack of a blackthorn stick on Ted Mills' skull was nothing to John's crack, stunned gesture.

So she had killed the man. Murderer. His significance flooded her only for a second. Then she was sorry for John, so deeply, helplessly sorry that she couldn't speak. His face was like something torn apart, all its fine lines twisted. She had never seen him look like this, defeated.

At last, her strangled voice asked, "What is it, John?"

"Somebody killed Ted Mills." His wall put iron in the words, until they softened to ask, "Why would anybody want to do that?"

The question went through her. A ghost, rump out of the foggy water, was calling on a living

"...excellent flavor..."



They praise it as a spread for bread!

Gentlemen: Briefly, but sincerely, I want to tell you how much I like Parkay. It is the only spread we ever use. I use it also in seasoning vegetables, for frying and for baking. It has an excellent flavor unsurpassed by any vegetable shortening. I have ever used. I like it also because it spreads nicely even after being in the refrigerator for hours.

We express our gratitude to you for making such an excellent product, which we can purchase at such a reasonable price, and we hope we may always find it on the market in the future. You may use this letter in any way you might see fit, for advertising purposes or otherwise.

Very truly yours
* Mrs. W. W. Keene
R. R. Box 774,
Independence, Mo.



They praise it as a flavor shortening!

because it tastes so good

housewives everywhere are praising

PARKAY

the new margarine made by **KRAFT**



They praise it for pan-frying!

Parkay made by **KRAFT**

NET WEIGHT ONE POUND

THE DELICIOUS VEGETABLE OLEO MARGARINE

CONTAINS VITAMIN A (from U.S.P. units in every pound). Parkay is a reliable very "round source of this important vitamin," especially valuable to children.

FOOD ENERGY—Parkay is among the best of energy foods that help generate body heat which keeps active people supplied with pep and energy.

MADE BY THE MAKERS OF MIRACLE WHIP SALAD DRESSING!

As a matter of good taste—housewives use Parkay in all 3 ways! Mrs. Keene's letter (reproduced above) is typical of letters received by Kraft from all sections of the country. . . praising Parkay, the delicious new margarine that is changing the buying habits of thousands of women. Instead of buying a special spread for table uses . . . and a special shortening for baking and pan-frying, these sensible homemakers buy Parkay margarine to use in all 3 ways!

Parkay is made in Kraft's brand-new air-conditioned plant—spic and span as a model kitchen and modern to the last detail. It is made to the same high standards of quality as the many other Kraft food products you serve in your home. . . a perfectly balanced blend of carefully selected American farm products—to which vitamin A is added. Try Parkay . . . you'll be delighted!

Mrs. W. W. Keene's letter was not selected. It is repeated here exactly as Mrs. Keene wrote it—not a single word has been changed, added, or deleted.

WHAT is rayon, and why at this season in particular, should every woman and shopper know more about it?

When you go seeking a new suit or frock, a charming Spring print, or new drapes for the dining-room—or even if you accompany your husband to aid in his selection of a new suit of clothes, or conduct little Tommy to be outfitted—the chances are that you will be looking at some textile, some ready-to-wear garment, which is made of rayon fibers.

This is not surprising in view of the fact that rayon production in the United States alone in 1937, reached the high figure of some 342,000,000 pounds; that a survey conducted by specialty women's shops found that 64 per cent of high-grade or "better dresses" were identified as rayon fabrics; and that in 1939 another forty-five million pounds of rayon were woven or knitted into men's suitings, linings, and accessories.

Centuries have come and gone, and man has satisfied his needs with the special qualities of "natural" fibres: the wool of the sheep, the silk of the silkworm, the cotton of the snowy cotton-plant, the viny fibres of the flax plant. But in the last 20 years we have begun to know the possibilities of that man-made fibre—rayon—and to appreciate its usefulness in this modern age just as we use and like other man-made plastic materials, alloys or blended metals, or structural glass in our dwellings. A



new age—new materials. Rayon is the name given to filaments made from cellulose by a chemical or mechanical process; or as defined by the Government experts, "Rayon is manufactured textile or fiber made from cellulose, which is produced chemically from a cellulose base, or for threads, strands or fabrics made therefrom." And since cellulose is the chief substance of plants, it is easily seen that rayon is a man-made textile out of a natural or plant fiber.

The point to keep in mind is that today rayon should not be called either "artificial silk," or a "synthetic fibre," because modern processes have so improved that rayon is now not an imitator, but a yarn or thread which has individual characteristics, and which can stand on its own merits. Rayon is rayon, just as silk is silk, or cotton is cotton in their respective fibres.

Important points for the buyer

What You Should Know About Rayon

By Mrs. Christine Frederick,
The Distinguished Authority
on Household Efficiency.

to recall is that rayon yarn (being manufactured under controlled conditions) is therefore the most uniform of all yarns; that these yarns or threads may be made as fine as the finest silk, or as coarse as horsehair or coarse wool. Also it is to be noted that rayon yarn can be spun continuously, thus making it strong and without tendency to break, as do short-staple yarns; that because of its man-made character, the hater or sheen of the yarn may be controlled—one may obtain a brilliant rayon yarn, a semi, or completely dull yarn, all from the same fibre; that many novelty materials, such as "mubby," "boule," "crepe," etc., and many other distinctive textiles may be woven from it.

Owing to the uniformity and fineness of the thread-size possible in man-made rayon, one secures very beautiful weaves which drape well, in addition to having a fine outer sheen or appearance. This is important, not only in dressmaking, but in selecting fabrics for windows, side-drapes, curtains, and other furnishing needs.

From the practical viewpoint, rayon fabrics make a strong appeal to the buyer because such rayon yarns show unusual resistance to moisture, and this quality in turn makes such fabrics and garments made from them resistant to creasing, wrinkling, and spotting, either from perspiration or food juices or liquids. Thus, for the traveler, as well as for the woman on a modest budget, rayon fabrics do mean a lower cleaner's bill, or

less effort in keeping garments pressed and shaped. The same reason makes such garments and skirts "hold the pleats" as the saying goes, particularly under moist or rainy conditions of climate.

Last (and for the same original reason of resistance to moisture), rayon-made fabrics do not mildew, which is another advantage in a hot or moist summer season. Again, while rayon materials retain their pure whiteness despite aging or exposure to sunlight—and never "yellow"

Taking up another point, we find that many spun rayon fabrics are desirable for Summer sports clothes because they are of sufficient weight to be sturdy, and yet they are light enough to be not too warm. The rayon frock is almost sure to be cool.

Again, rayon yarns have contributed much (and will continue to make even more fascinating developments) in the field of color effects in fabrics. Since rayon fibres are different from natural fibres, it is possible to obtain cross-dye or contrasting two-tone effects in rayon mixtures.

This is done by dyeing two different types of rayon, or one



rayon with a natural fibre, in different kinds of dyes. Since rayon has such a high luster, rayon fabrics appear very brilliant when dyed in bright colors, thus giving us bright or "high" colors, which are different from leveling colors, and for upholstery and curtain or drapery materials.

In purchasing either textile or garment, there is usually a label or tag which gives ample information to the buyer as to the type of rayon, and its other characteristics. Since the two most common methods of rayon manufacture are that of "viscose" or "acetate," these words are frequently used and carried on such tags or mentioned by the salesman. For instance, the new crepe crinkle may carry the wording "acetate crepe," together with other information of importance to the purchaser.

Answers to such practical questions as to whether these materials will stretch, wash, iron, clean, pull out or fray, fade—depend on the individual fabric,

the dye, and the quality of the material and the finishing treatment. For there are grades of rayon fabric, just as there are grades of cotton or linen fabrics; you can buy a cheap, "sleazy" sheet or a fine damask tablecloth—depending on the quality of its integrity and the price paid.

Care of all rayon fabrics or frocks can be summed up in these few simple suggestions: Launder them as you would any other fine, delicate fabric. Use a mild alkali soap with good suds, and squeeze the garment through the suds gently—never twist or wring it harshly. Avoid any prolonged soaking, and avoid sun-drying; avoid drying on a flat surface, as a table top, is preferable to hanging up or stretching.

As in ironing silk fabrics, care should be taken to press the fabric only on the wrong side, and with a moderate, and never a hot iron. The novelty, rough, or bulky materials or velvets, should be sent to a dry-cleaner's, because of a tendency to shrink. Last, in sewing or repairing any rayon fabric, always use a spool of silk thread, which gives greater strength, better finish, and which matches the quality of the rayon fibre most perfectly. Silk thread, too, is elastic, and hence gives with the motions of the body, and it will not pucker the seams.

Wash your rayons, and you will save as often your Spring shopping.

"HAPPY MARRIAGES RUN IN THE FAMILY"

(Continued on Page 14)

was the way his parents got what they wanted from each other. He learned to get what he himself wanted from his parents in that way; he now gets what he wants from his wife in that way.

Miss E discovered, early in life, that there was no key to success in the world like a good tantrum. Her father managed her mother by tantrums. She was a gifted pupil, and soon learned to manage both parents and everyone else around her in the same way. Since she grew up and married she has added some refinements to this technique, and will find it dependable.

Marriages of this sort breed trouble in the next generation, just as a den of rattlesnakes breeds more rattlesnakes next year. 2. Children from broken homes often grow up with feelings of inferiority which color their entire lives and make it hard for them to succeed in marriage or in anything else.

Miss F's parents were divorced when she was a runabout child. Her mother thereafter made things so unpleasant for her father that he moved to another State and cut off communications. Miss F, like so many of the offspring of broken homes, was put in a boarding school. When other girls asked her, "What does

your father do?" she was obliged to answer, "I don't know." She soon felt that she was different from the girls she most admired; that she was a marked person. The neuritic feelings thus produced have colored her entire life.

3. Finally, some of the difficulty experienced by the products of unhappy homes is due directly to their inheritance. Their parents were biologically inferior, they are the offspring of such parents and are biologically inferior for the same reason that they have blue eyes and curly hair: "it runs in the family."

Unless one has believed the figures, it is hard to study the matter and showing divorces make in almost every branch of vital statistics. I have already mentioned that they reveal an extraordinarily high degree of sterility. They display an equally surprising inferiority in health and expectancy of life.

This high mortality of divorces is partly associated with the withdrawal of the protection that normal family life gives, with their greater exposure to economic and other difficulties; with their greater susceptibility to alcoholism and venereal diseases. But such factors account for only a small part of the difference. The real reason is that the divorces are constitutionally below par from birth. They are

predestined to a short life.

One extensive study of commitments for insanity showed that for every 100 married men admitted to the mental hospitals there were 200 widows, 300 bachelors, and 450 divorced men. Figures for women are much the same.

The bad record of bachelors is easily understood if one remembers that insanity is largely a result of middle age and later years. If a man has reached middle life and has never married, there is usually something the matter with him. But since different is physical, mental, moral, spiritual, financial—or all of these put together. But since different is pretty certain to be, even though the man may hold a conspicuous position.

Conditions are different with unmarried women. Due to the faulty education of many young women, their preoccupation in planning for marriage early enough, and the shortage of first-class husbands, the number of really superior women who have failed to marry is alarming.

Broadly speaking one might say that among men it is the unfit who remain unmarried; among women it is often the fit who are condemned to spinsterhood.

When a group is characterized by high prevalence of sterility, short expectation of life, and strong tendencies toward insanity, crime, and suicide, what would one call it? I do not see how anyone can help calling it a defective group, and biologically inferior, as a group, the divorces are biologically inferior to any other group in the population, while the married are superior to all others.

The difficulties of the divorced are due in only small measure to the absence of family ties, the lack of the protection which a home affords, and the unhappiness resulting from the loss of a partner. If these were the real causes, the widowed would be just as badly off as the divorced. In every respect the widowed make a much better showing. Sometimes, it seems, the divorced person is not handicapped because he lost his home; but he lost his home because he was handicapped, and often handicapped from birth, by physical deficiency, emotional instability, or mental unbalance.

Everyone, of course, can cite innumerable exceptions. With half a million persons (250,000 couples) going through the divorce mill in a single year, there are bound to be all sorts. Many are superior people who were so ignorant of life, so uneducated for marriage, that they could not do themselves justice; they had not even been taught that they must try.

Many superior persons are in the group, many victims of circumstances or of their own lack of preparation; but speaking by and large, the divorces are on the whole a biologically inferior lot, and it would be no surprise if some of their children did not carry the handicaps of their progenitors.

Happiest runs in the family, then. Unhappiness also runs in the family. Most of those who come from unhappy homes are not necessarily doomed to failure; but they may be handicapped, and they may be greater effort than others do to succeed.

Almanack Hints

HAVE you a time or money saving hint to pass on to other Almanackers? Such ideas are worth sharing with other readers and The Almanack wants to print them—the more the merrier. For each such hint sent in and used in this department we will pay \$1. You may send in as many as you want. Please keep them short and to the point, and address: ALMANACK HINTS EDITOR, 233 East 45th St., New York.

and bubbles. Serve hot with soup. Good food, too, with salads.

Harriet L. Jensen, Minneapolis, Minn.

WATERING

When watering a plant in a hanging bowl, the water always pours out the holes in the sides where the chain is fastened. Try pouring a little sealing wax into those holes and you will save yourself a lot of time and trouble.

Mrs. N. H. Helms, Port Arthur, Texas.

TENDER

If in doubt about a pot roast becoming tender, add a couple of tablespoons of vinegar to it during the cooking period. Meat fibers will become softened and won't taste of the vinegar.

Heinrich M. Patten, Joliet, Ill.

FAT

To remove excess fat from soup when there is not time to chill and set the fat, wrap a piece of ice in gauze, cloth or paper towel and run over the top of the soup. The fat will congeal and collect at the surface.

Mrs. W. S. O. Facton, Bend, Oregon.

LEAKY

A hot water bag that leaks may

still be useful by filling it with hot salt.

Mrs. Mary Marchando, Jeannette, Pa.

PEELING

Pickling onions may be peeled easily by covering with boiling water when skins will slip from off the water. Blanch as you would almonds.

Mrs. N. Kopp, Chicago, Ill.

BITERS

To keep children or adults from biting their fingernails use nail enamel and apply as it wears off.

Mrs. Hazel V. Littlefield, Albee, N. D.

DUST

To keep dust from getting into throat when cleaning put a little petroleum jelly into nose and it will not irritate throat.

Mrs. Margaret D. Case, Redwood Beach, Calif.

THE

If apples are slow in cooking, first slice in a baking dish, sweeten and add spices. Bake covered until nearly tender. Turn into prepared pie pan. Dot with butter. Bake until done. Your crusts won't be "baked to death."

Mrs. Mattie Cook, New Pine Creek, Ore.

DOES YOUR HUSBAND DRINK TOO MUCH?

Then do what I did
read this free booklet!

I read the facts... how drunkenness is a disease and how it can be cured. I learned that more than 400,000 men and women have returned to their families happy and free from the liquor addiction. I know now why medical care is needed—why this is not a home treatment.

MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY for your FREE COPY

It will be sent to you in plain envelope. All correspondence held in strict confidence.

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The Keeley Institute, Dwight, Illinois

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Guaranteed to Wear Longer THAN ANY NAIL POLISH YOU'VE EVER WORN OR YOUR MONEY BACK

WE can make this guarantee and amazing money-back offer because the new Cutex Salon Polish is based on an entirely new principle. Actually wears days longer without chipping or peeling. Prove this to yourself—at our risk... If the new Cutex Salon Polish doesn't stand up under daily wear and tear better than any polish you've ever used—return the bottle to us and we will cheerfully refund your original purchase price! (Offer good in 1940 only.)

See all the stunning Cutex colors. Try Hijinks, Cadabrut, Cedarwood, Old Rose, Natural, Clover, Laurel, Tulip.

NORTON WARREN CORP.
391 Hudson Street, New York

NEW CUTEX Salon Polish

W-T-T! ALWAYS COMPLAININ' ABOUT DISHPAN HANDS!

"WHY DOESN'T SHE PUT MY GENTLE IVORY IN HER DISHPAN?"

What a shame if your hands are red and rough from using strong soap in your dishpan! But in just two weeks, you can feel as gentle as many doctors advise for babies.

And Ivory is a Big Economy too! The opposite of extravagance. Dishwashing costs less than 1¢ a day—less with Ivory than with granulated soaps you use on washday. So change! Ask for "Large-Size" Ivory.

Just take baby's tip—use Ivory regularly, every time you use on washday. So change! Ask the kitchen. Then your hands can get smoother! Ivory is pure—so gentle that many doctors advise it for babies.

PROCTER & GAMBLE • CINCINNATI, OHIO • U.S. PAT. 2,000,000

Almanack Ecooes

"I'M BRINGING A GUEST HOME IN 30 MINUTES!"

Dear Almanack:

The reason I happened to write to you now, is that today I had a little experience that all wives have. My husband called me one half hour before coming home, and said he was bringing a business associate from out of town, for dinner. I said, "All right, dear," but groaned inside.

You see, I am one of those people that wear braces on my legs, and it is sort of hard to get to the store as it is quite a way from home. And do you know what I had planned for dinner? Wiener! My husband said the man liked to drop in places for "pot luck." The more I thought of it, the more I thought that the name fitted perfectly. But my mind started to work, and here is the result.

My guest even asked me for the recipe. I had a couple of bottles of catsup, so I emptied one bottle in an iron skillet, filled the catsup bottle with water, and added to the catsup. I added 1½ tablespoons sugar, 4 tablespoons dried celery, 3 tablespoons dried

pepper to taste. I boiled this mixture, until the meat came home (about 30 minutes) then I added my wiener and simmered them in this sauce, until the wiener was thoroughly cooked and flavored. I put the wiener on a platter and poured the sauce over them, and served them.

Honestly, it was a company dish. My husband asked me to try it with hamburger patties some time. The sauce turns a rich reddish brown, and looks so rich. I hope I have given you the right amount of ingredients, but I think it is right. I usually just add this and that, and taste to see if it is right. The rest of the dinner was potato pancakes, canned corn, fruit salad with whipped cream, hot corn bread, and no dessert, but lots of good coffee. I had plenty of everything, but such a plain dinner. Oh yes, I had pickled beets, celery curls, and green onions, too. Does it sound good to you?

Your palates have been of great interest to our family. We love dishes that are different, wholesome, and unexpensive. This is one you printed quite a while ago, that has found its place in my permanent file. It is grape extract. Honestly, it is delicious. At Christmas I brought out a jar of it, to eat with the turkey, and do you know, the cranberry sauce and the back seat. My family and all my relatives just raved about it. I think I have given that recipe to at least 100 people. Thanks a lot for printing it. Sincerely,

Mrs. S. F. Seville,
Los Angeles, Cal.

PARTY CREAMED PEAS

Drain one can peas and one-half can button mushrooms cut once (use more if you wish). Drain one-half cup almonds cut into thirds. Combine in white sauce. Be careful to drain peas and mushrooms. This in noodle recipe is good. Celery is good this way also. This is a favorite at dinner parties.

Mrs. Rohal A. Johnson,
Plattsburg Barracks, N. Y.
Mrs. Johnson, you have hit upon the solution for an easy-to-make party dish. Some of us have endeavored that, when entertaining at dinner, the guest should spend as little time in the kitchen as possible. Your recipe bears out this theory.—The Editor.

CALF'S FOOT JELLY

Dear Almanack:
Clean well, and cut off the toes of a calf's feet, put the feet into a gallon of water, boil till reduced one-half, then strain and let stand over night. In the morning take off all the fat, remove the sediment and put the clear part over the fire, add the strained juice of three lemons, two cups sugar, a blade of mace, a stick of cinnamon, the beaten whites of three eggs. Boil 15 minutes, strain, and if not clear strain again through a jelly bag. (The bag should always be wrung out of hot water before using, and the jelly should always run through a jelly bag. (Leave, never squeeze it as it makes the jelly muddy). This jelly is amber color. Half of it may be colored red and a little at a time put into glasses, as it begins to set, then the amber, then the red, and so one till the glass is full. This makes a very showy, as well as palatable dessert. You can cover the top with frosting of whites of sweetened beaten eggs if you care to.

Mrs. Jeanette Holtzman,
Gary, Indiana.

(Mrs. Holtzman, it's nice to see your version of an old favorite in print. Nice still to try it. Your check for this prize winner is in the mail.—The Editor.)

ALMANACK MENU CHARTS

While a great many housewives have been saving the prize winning recipes which have appeared in the Almanack since it first made its appearance as daily life, it is a growing number of new readers have requested copies of prize winning recipes.

To satisfy these requests, as well as to give our readers a more complete guide to the delicious dishes, the Almanack has devised a handy menu chart suitable for home use or for entertaining. It is illustrated with silhouette drawings.

The first chart to be printed, "18 Famous Almanack Recipes," as its name implies, contains some of the most popular recipes such as Swiss Meat Balls, Chicken in Butter, Lemon Card and others.

This chart is followed by "21 Prize Winning New England Recipes" a chart issued for the many readers who wanted to know how to make Maine Turnip, etc.

Any of all three of these handy charts will now be sent to you in mailing tubes ready for handling. To order simply send a three-cent stamp for each one to cover mailing cost.

Address:
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Appetizing Menus for the Week by Mary Lee Swann

MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY	SUNDAY
Breakfast Pancakes, Cereal, French Toast, Baked Beans, Milk or Coffee.	Breakfast Grapefruit, Cereal, Crisp Rice, Milk or Coffee.	Breakfast Corned Beef, Stewed Fruit, Whole Cakes, Cereal, Pancakes, Luncheon	Breakfast Orange Juice, Cereal, Rolled Oatmeal, Luncheon	Breakfast Pineapple Juice, Cereal, Boiled Sausage, Luncheon	Breakfast Shrimp, Omelette, Cereal, Crisp Rice, Milk or Coffee.	Breakfast Canned Peaches, Cereal, Soft Cooked Eggs, Crisp Rice, Milk or Coffee.
Luncheon Omelette, Crisp Rice, Milk or Coffee.	Luncheon Crisp Rice, Milk or Coffee.	Luncheon Crisp Rice, Milk or Coffee.	Luncheon Crisp Rice, Milk or Coffee.	Luncheon Crisp Rice, Milk or Coffee.	Luncheon Crisp Rice, Milk or Coffee.	Luncheon Crisp Rice, Milk or Coffee.
Dinner Roast Beef, Crisp Rice, Milk or Coffee.	Dinner Roast Beef, Crisp Rice, Milk or Coffee.	Dinner Roast Beef, Crisp Rice, Milk or Coffee.	Dinner Roast Beef, Crisp Rice, Milk or Coffee.	Dinner Roast Beef, Crisp Rice, Milk or Coffee.	Dinner Roast Beef, Crisp Rice, Milk or Coffee.	Dinner Roast Beef, Crisp Rice, Milk or Coffee.

KALE DINNER

I am starting a new cook book and find your Almanack very helpful. My husband and I never miss a Sunday, we both enjoy your Almanack. More often he reads the recipes before I do, and tells me, "here is a dandy for your new cook book." We have been married 25 years and love good wholesome meals. So keep up the good work, for we would miss it if you discontinued. Here is my recipe:

1 large head of kale cabbage
2 pounds beef pot roast
Salt, pepper, flour, water, and 1 tablespoon lard.
Take leaves of one head of kale, (the top leaves are best) wash thoroughly in cold water, then lay in slightly salted water a few minutes. Shake off water and break out large ribs and discard them. Chop leaves.
Now take a large kettle and heat in it, then add roast, and brown on both sides; add salt and pepper and cover with water, then add kale leaves and cover kettle. Stir kale several times so it will boil even.

Boil until kale and meat are well done. Take out meat and add a little flour, just enough to bind the sauce. Add a dash of salt with this and we all love it.

Mrs. Paul H. Wolf,
Theresa, Wisconsin.
Mrs. Wolf, your recipe is a prize winner. We'll bet the dish has an added zest if you serve the kale in your own garden. We know a couple of folks who have had it. The result probably would be worth about 25¢. We'll send you a check for that, if you'll send us \$5.00 for the book.—The Editor.

MOON NIGHT HAWAII

ISLAND SALAD
2 cups cabbage (chopped)
1 cup apple (sliced)
2 lemons (juice)
1 teaspoon salt
1 tablespoon white vinegar
1 cup mayonnaise dressing
1 cup crushed pineapple
1 cup nutmeg
1 lemon (grated rind)
1 teaspoon sugar
1 tablespoon salad oil
1 cup whipped cream
Frank U. Kuznoski,
Taos, New Mexico.

(We are delighted to have this delicious salad with the romantic name from the interesting State of Hawaii. We mixed all the ingredi-

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MACARONI-AND-CHEESE

Cooking time 7 minutes



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The American Weekly Patterns



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Pattern 3148—A LOOK-YOUR-PRETTIEST MATE! RENTY-TIME STYLE. THE SKIRT IS REALLY A PRINCESS SLIP WITH EASY ADJUSTMENT TIES...SEE THE CONCEALED LINES OF THE SMOCK THAT HAS DEEP INVERTED PLERATE. Designed for misses' and women's sizes 12, 14, 16, 18, 20, 22, 24, 26, 28, 30, 32, 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42. Size 16 requires 6 1/2 yards 25-inch fabric and 1/2 yard contrast.

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